

# THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



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# Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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## THE FIELD AFAR

**T**HIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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(MARYKNOLL)

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**Saint Francis Xavier**

*From a steel engraving in the possession of the late Doctor Horatio Storer*





# THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1929



## With Bishop Dunn on Sancian Island

(By Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon, China)

DAILY sights are oversights, as St. Augustine has it, and he adds that we prove it constantly by failing to get excited over the miracle of our daily bread or the sunset's glory.

Indeed we who are privileged to live on Sancian Island actually go so far as to suffer at times a dimmed consciousness of the unique treasure that daily greets our eyes—that blessed little hillside across the bay where Xavier breathed his last. Perhaps only half of it is forgetfulness, and the rest remembrance—a remembrance that we are engaged in the same work of which Xavier is the leader and model; that he is always with us; that he is ours—a member of the family whose due is familiarity, a brother to whom we can pay the supreme compliment of occasionally forgetting.

At any rate, we are accustomed to St. Francis, and we guard our treasure—not lightly indeed, but composedly. Yet, we do not want anybody else to be composed or to forget. Indifference is different. We heartily begrudge to others the privilege of not getting excited about our Saint. Perhaps it is the instinct of possession as, for instance, in the case of O. Henry's friend who disparaged America for hours before a cosmopolitan crowd, and then ended up in a fist fight over a slighting reference to his home town of Kennebunkport, Maine.

On the afternoon of October twenty-fourth a trim little launch rounded Memorial Chapel point, and cast anchor in our bay. "It's them" was the ungrammatical and sole comment we permitted ourselves, and the next instant two ecclesiastical backs were bending over the oars, and our little canoe was skimming to happy meeting. What an argosy! Bishop Dunn, straight from the Eucharistic Congress, and with him Fr. McDonnell, Director of the New York Propagation Office, Fr. Cushman also of New York, Fr. Gresnigt, the famous Benedictine architect from Peking, Frs. Joy and Gallagher, Irish Jesuits from Hong Kong, and finally our own Fr. Cairns, manager extra-

ordinary of the whole affair, to whose zeal, after the magnet of St. Francis himself, is chiefly due the success of this providential expedition.

There were many fine surprises during the two glorious days the distinguished party spent at Sancian, but the best of all came at the very first moment. Travel is wearying in China; most people can think only of the nearest easy chair at the end of a journey; and finally not everybody can seize the significance of Sancian immediately, especially with perceptions already dulled by the sights and sounds of a round-the-world trip. Besides we have had many visitors in our five years at Sancian, and there were some who looked on it as an every day affair for a great Saint to die on a lonely island. It was with a little wistfulness that we asked, "Well, shall we go ashore and get settled at the mission, or would you like to run over and see the Shrine first?"

Bishop Dunn's look was half-reproachful. "The Shrine, of course! What else did we come to see?"

That set our hearts singing right off with the consolation of not having to sell Sancian to our already converted guests. So off we put to the Memorial Chapel, and in the hush of our visitors' kneeling tribute, our own prayers were distracted by the gratitude that we reserve for those who appreciate our treasure. For believe it or not, the way to thrill us most at Sancian, hard-boiled missionaries as we are, is to be thrilled by Sancian.

Of course, it is all childish enough, for our guests knew, and thought, and felt much more about Xavier than we did—especially the two who were practically following his footsteps in their work for the Propagation of the Faith Society; and again, two more were actually his confrères, members of his own beloved Society. Indeed, Fr. McDonnell proved to be an expert authority on the career of the Saint, familiar with all its details as we were once familiar in seminary days with the journeys of St. Paul; and he had even lectured in his propagation work on the six-reel

moving picture of Xavier's life produced by the Jesuit Fathers—a copy of which, by the way, we would give our right eye to own. But in spite of it all, we feel an ownership about St. Francis; we look upon him as peculiarly ours, that is all; and we love those who love him. If we had not known that Bishop Dunn's prie-dieu was extremely rickety, he might have been in some danger of finding himself hugged.

The sequel was no less interesting. Bishop Dunn not only prayed but looked. So did Fr. Cushman. So did Fr. Gresnigt. And what their respective eyes—episcopal, pastoral, and artistic—took in at one glance was more than we had dared to visualize in our five years of caring for Sancian. They saw the plain stone slab over the spot where the sacred body once lay; they saw the battered Gothic chapel that covered it with its ant-eaten roof, and they saw that it would not do. What is more—and this is where their eyes proved better than ours—they saw what would do.

"Is this the best you can do for Francis Xavier?" was the bishop's first question.

We hung our heads. But he answered it himself with another: "What will it cost to fix it up?"

This one was easy; we had planned the very thing so many times in foolish moments of hopeless optimism. Even then we answered in fear and trepidation, but they stood the shock nobly. They actually thought us modest; a rare experience for missionaries. In short, New York had come to Sancian, and with New York apparently seeing is doing. They had seen a vision of a shrine worthy of our Saint, and the whole project was settled then and there. The Shrine was planned, financed, and decorated on the spot by the sharpest eyes—and perhaps the warmest hearts—that had visited Sancian in many a day. The work is to go ahead at once; the bill is paid; and the final decoration—a fresco of Xavier's life for the walls—will be the

READ "A MODERN MARTYR"

personal offering of the most skilled artist of the Benedictine Order, Fr. Gresnigt.

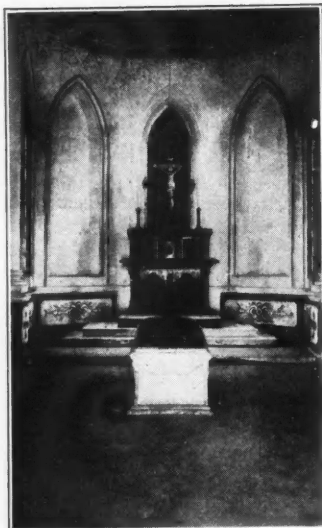
St. Francis had come into his own. With the reparation of the Shrine will come pilgrimages for the missionaries and Catholics of South China; and soon, let us hope, the little island will assume its rightful place as the holy spot of the East. And who can measure the inspiration that will result to the priests and people of our infant Church? For it is surely in drinking in the spirit of Xavier, the mighty apostolic model given by God to His Church for all time, that the mission effort of our days will best succeed. Fortunately peace has just come to China, and should facilitate such a movement, while communications are also no longer difficult. What could be more providential? Indeed all things work together for good to those who love God; and even, it seems, to unprofitable servants like ourselves who merely make a bluff at it.

The rest of the stay at Sancian was passed in a rosy haze by us, but it was all glorious enough. Accommodations were primitive, but at least there were mosquito nets for all, and the night at Sancian passed without any more serious incident than a bit of snoring, blamed by everybody on everybody else. Of course all said Mass at the Memorial Chapel—and what did it matter if the boat that took them there got caught by a low tide, treating us to the unforgettable spectacle of the Auxiliary Bishop of New York clutching the episcopal shoes in one hand and his life in the other while he waded barefooted ashore like any missionary!

The time was short, and it simply rushed by. After a final tiffin that devastated Fr. Burns's chicken coop, the signal came to shove off for Kongmoon. The final scene was the pastor of Sancian standing alone on the beach to wave a last good-bye.

"How lonely he looks," thought a visitor out loud; "we are leaving him, the only white man on the island."

But Fr. Cairns and the writer winked at each other, for we knew right well that the pastor's head was too full of the new plans for his heart to be lonely. And being missionaries we also knew that nobody is ever lonesome among our four hundred millions, anyhow.



*"They saw the battered Gothic chapel with its ant-eaten roof, and saw it would not do."*

#### THE PROPOSED REST HOUSE

*By Bishop Walsh*

A VACATION at Sancian gives me a chance to write and something to write about—a project you have long had at heart, the Rest House. Let us take the rest first, then the house.

Sancian may be likened to Atlantic City and St. Anne de Beaupre all rolled into one. For instance, I came here a month ago rather enervated from a hard summer, and psychologically

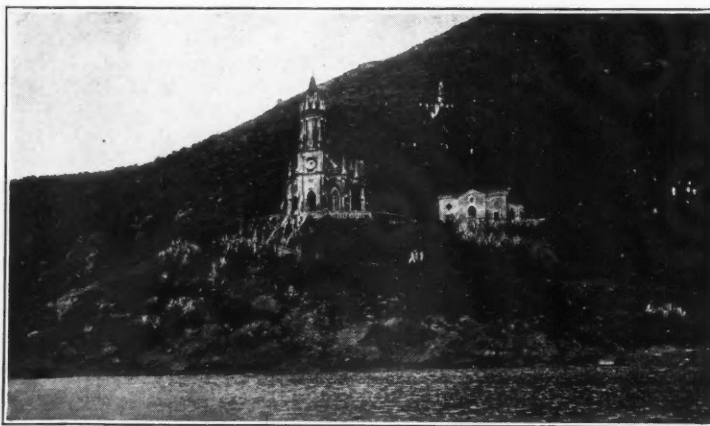
seedy besides, judging rightly that St. Francis Xavier and the salt ocean were about the medicines needed. I am now brown as a berry, fit as a fiddle, and hungry as two seminarians; and what is better still, I am shamed again into tackling great and impossible things by the example of that angelic man whose memory lingers here. At first I could not run a hundred yards nor swim fifty; now I trot a mile every morning on the beach, and even threaten to swim a mile, though in more sober moments I decide to leave the latter feat to the prowess of the aquatic Fr. Bauer, expected soon for a visit.

All this, by the way, is much to the amusement of our good fisher folk. Conversation overheard at the village pump:

"What is that madman doing running up the beach?"

"Oh, that's the bishop, he's a bit crazy. All bishops are very peculiar men."

Every day when the weather is fair—and that is always in the autumn—I pull Fr. Burns's canoe across the bay to the Memorial Chapel, and say Mass at the tomb of St. Francis. What a privilege! After long prayers for the Church, the Holy Father, Maryknoll, yourself, China, the missionaries, and everybody, another turn at the oars brings me back home, wondering if the cook will have ham and eggs for breakfast. Studying, praying, resolving, swimming, fishing, and boating fill up halcyon days.



*"And that perfect location for a rest house is waiting at Sancian on the natural plateau just above the Memorial Chapel."*

**PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL**

How St. Francis must have enjoyed the one fall he spent at Sancier! It is such a perfect paradise these months. Was it perhaps a little consolation to brighten his last days after the severe winter in Japan the preceding year, and that awful journey to Kyoto during which he suffered so much from the cold? True, Antonio, his companion at Sancier, speaks of the cold during their sojourn on the island; but Antonio was a Chinese boy, and it is hard to find a Chinese who will not complain of the cold when other mortals are perspiring. September here was distinctly hot, so hot that we were obliged to postpone our daily swim until the sun was almost down, and yet our appearance on the beach never failed to provoke the comment: "How extraordinary are the Fathers! Swimming when the water is so cold!"

Although the Sancier people are nothing like the Javors with whom St. Francis Xavier had to deal, who were reported as poisoning all strangers, and serving up their own old folks at the banquet board, yet they are a most knotty problem. They shun the mission while appearing to like the missionary. An odd thing here is the way the boy children seem to give the mission a wide berth. They actually run away, from me at least; and this is a new experience except in strange places. On the other hand the little girls flock around with great friendliness, and this is equally unusual. Fr. Burns tells me the whole island is henpecked, the women having more to say than the men, and perhaps that accounts for the forwardness of the little maids in contrast to the aloofness of the boys.

Does this possibly suggest that the Sisters might be the solution here? Perhaps; although Sisters for all henpecked missions might prove a large order, since the "fear wife fellow", as we term him in China, is not as uncommon as might be supposed.

Of course there are many reasons for the backwardness of these Christians, but the puzzling part is that elsewhere, where the same reasons exist, the Christians are very much better. The answer to the apparent puzzle is the usual one. It is that the devil is putting his best hoof forward here, and is chiefly responsible for the peculiar

ability of these people to resist the grace that has been flung at their heads by all the missionaries from Bishop Guillemin to Fr. Burns. And one of our priests suggested recently a special reason for this—namely, that because St. Francis Xavier probably snatched more souls from Satan than did any individual who ever lived, it might well be possible that that extraordinary personage would exert special efforts to prevent the scene of the Saint's holy death from flourishing as it should. It is well known, of course, that a private revelation was made many years ago to a certain holy servant of God, that Xavier's original conversion at Paris was deeply deplored by the demons who foresaw that he would be the means of saving innumerable souls. Is it not quite possible that this enmity might take the form today of spoiling the plans of the Saint's feeble successors to make a garden of God out of the scene of his last triumph?

But to have done with the matter, here is what Saint Francis himself thought about it, as revealed in the very last letter he ever wrote, just two weeks before he died at Sancier:

One truth has been proved to me by the clearest evidence—the devil has an unspeakable dread of the entrance of the Society of Jesus into China, and every effort made in this direction seems to wound the very apple of his eye. Take my most certain word for it, in this port of Sancier where fresh obstacles to our passage are raised every hour he keeps contriving difficulties in swarms, one after another, as though he thought the first nothing, and new ones always needed. If I were to describe them by letter, I should never end. I perceive most clearly that the war cry has sounded in the camp of hell, and that the spirits of darkness, all in consternation, are arrayed against us as if to defend their last entrenchments.

As in 1552, so in 1929, the spirits of darkness are still defending their last entrenchments, and that appears to be the simple truth of the whole affair.

My own solution is the refuge of a lazy man: to smile, wait, and pray. It is all the more beautifully simple for me since it is the pastor of Sancier who must do all the smiling and the waiting, while the rest of us can help him only with the praying. However, there are many grounds for hope, and one of them I learned with the greatest joy only recently. It is that the Sancier

### STEREOPTICONS WANTED

Bishop James E. Walsh of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission in South China has found stereopticon lectures an excellent means of attracting pagans. Pictures have a distinct appeal to the Chinese, and non-Christians will follow an illustrated lecture on Catholic doctrine with the greatest attention. However, the time for using this means of propaganda is *before the coming of the movie* to the country districts of the Kongmoon Vicariate.

Bishop Walsh is anxious to secure as soon as possible stereopticon machines for the use of his missionaries. The cost of one of these machines is seventy-one dollars, but any sum, however small, towards the purchase of this fruitful means of spreading the Faith will be a help gratefully appreciated by Maryknoll's first bishop.

parish church is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. All missionaries learn to look to that Immaculate Queen who crushed the serpent's head for the great victories, the desperate cases, the miracles of grace. St. Francis was a great client of hers, and had the ejaculation "Show thyself a mother" ever on his lips; and we are asking her to honor the memory of her great servant when we pray to her for Sancier.

The exorcism of that little solicitude opens the way to seize the real significance of Sancier. It is this. Sancier is a mission for missionaries. Its uniqueness lies in what it has to offer, not only to the few souls who happen to live on it, but also to us modern followers of St. Francis who need the help and inspiration of such a place.

St. Francis Xavier himself explains this need in one of his letters:

I explained already how necessary it is that a house should be given to the Society at Coulon (India), to which our Fathers who are laboring in the instruction of the Christians along the Comorin Coast may betake themselves

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST



from time to time, and so return to their posts; to which also our missionaries who break down under the immense fatigue of the work they have to do, whose strength gives way from time to time, and who contract serious diseases, may be taken and given all due care. So arrange with the governor and with the chief treasurer to find some way of bringing about this good work, which will not bear delay, by sending as soon as may be to Fr. Niccolo some money by which he may be able at once to set in operation so very urgent a business.

These words written in the sixteenth century may be repeated in the twentieth without the change of a letter, except that today it is the unfortunate Superior General whose already overburdened shoulders must support the interesting rôle of governor and chief treasurer. This makes me hesitate, yet I take confidence on reflecting that you yourself realized and stressed this need long before we ever thought of it.

A Rest House on Sancian Island! It is a dream so perfect that it must come true. After all, how hard it is to see the missionaries constantly turning up worn down and knocked out, and yet be unable to help them. One glance tells the whole story. You need a month of quiet for your shattered nerves, good food for your abused stomach, and meditation for your soul. But there is no place to get it. So back the missionary goes to the grind without a refitting, and his angel guardian must keep very busy staving off a serious breakdown.

And all the time that perfect location for a Rest House is waiting at Sancian on the little natural plateau just above the Memorial Chapel, looking out, as probably St. Francis' own dying eyes looked, on the mainland of China across the glorious bay. A month spent here by a spent missionary—what would it mean? Just think—a month of saying Mass at the very tomb of St. Francis, a month of quiet reflection on his spirit and work, a month of clerical companionship on a restful veranda or Fr. Burns's outboard motor, a month of that salt blue sea that soothes tired nerves like nothing else in the world after prayer itself.

The only obstacle is a financial one. Piracy, never a serious objection, is practically stamped out. Intercommunication is easy—at least as missionaries figure. Living should be cheap with

**Chinese Catholics will support their own Church one of these days. They are doing it even now in places and to some extent.**

the Kwonghoi and Hoingan markets accessible by boat. Finally, the only possible rival as a location is Hong Kong, and that suffers from one absolutely fatal inferiority—namely, that St. Francis Xavier did not die there.

Such a house would, of course, be gauged to fill this particular need for all the Maryknoll missions of the Far East. For Kwangsi, Kaying, and Manila it would be perfectly accessible—just enough of a trip to constitute a vacation. From Manchuria and Korea it is admittedly a long trek in distance, yet not in time, as long as the fast coast boats link those points so expeditiously with Hong Kong. It gives the climatic change that a northern missionary in search of a rest would probably need. Finally, it is worth a trip from Korea just to kneel once and kiss the soil blessed by the feet of that mighty apostle who will ever remain the great leader and model of all missionaries.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are most grateful to Bishop Dunn, the Right Reverend Auxiliary of New York, for the signal encouragement which he has given to our missionaries during his recent visit to Eastern Asia.

Since his return a special letter written by His Lordship in "Catholic News" recalls his visit to Sancian Island, and is insistent on the speedy erection of a Rest House for his fellow countrymen in the Far East. Bishop Dunn may be certain of keen appreciation from men who before his visit had hardly begun to dream that a rest house would be possible.

#### By the Way

The Little Atlas, published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is a very handy compendium, the result of much work. It sells for a small sum—twenty-five cents. You should have a copy.

The existence of the "shut-ins" of Chinatown, New York, seems to have been entirely overlooked. From scores of windows, on Pell, Mott, and Doyers Streets, gaze Chinese women who through lack of knowledge of the American language and American customs are afraid to venture beyond the doors of their tenement flats. Many of them have been outdoors but once or twice in several years, and to them the kaleidoscopic picture which is ever moving past their windows is one of as great mystery as the picture of Chinatown usually described for the benefit of gullible sight-seers.

At the annual banquet of Chinese students in New York the young ladies from the Orient were gowned in the latest Fifth Avenue styles, while many of the American women wore Mandarin coats.

About two hundred persons, American and Chinese, attended the banquet at which the speakers were Hon. Chao-Chu Wu, special envoy to Washington; Prof. William Hung of Harvard, and Prof. William H. Kilpatrick of Columbia University.

We learn that the golden jubilee of our revered Pope Pius XI will bring to the faithful an opportunity to gain the indulgences of a minor jubilee year. We also note

#### THE ANNUITY PLAN

A Maryknoll Annuity means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent, as long as you live. It also means that by sharing in Maryknoll's missionary labors you are laying up treasures for your eternity. Send today for a leaflet on Maryknoll Annuities.

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

that among the conditions and recommendations mentioned mission alms have a prominent place.

This announcement brings home to us the splendid emphasis that has been put upon mission activities in the past decade by the Supreme Head of the Church. Surely the *Cause* is coming to its own, and every lover of Christ rejoices at the development.

Do you listen in to WLWL, the Paulist Radio? In this event you have doubtless caught some of the Maryknoll Friday night talks. We have had pleasant echoes from readers widely scattered.

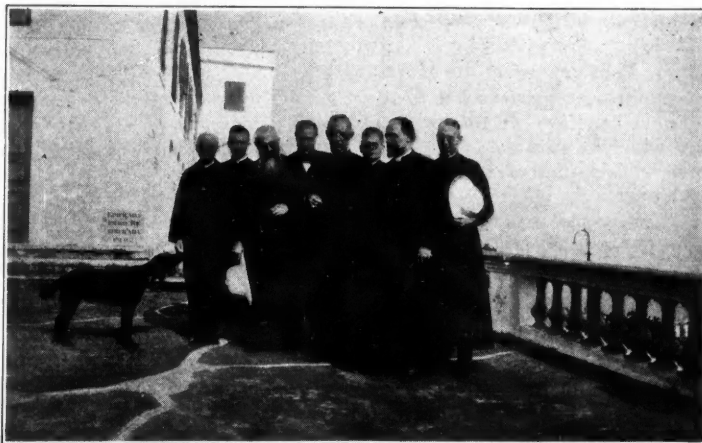
It has been a privilege for Maryknoll to accept the kind invitation of our Paulist confrères. Radio transmission, however, means much expense, and we wish that those of our listening readers who can afford it would occasionally express their appreciation to the Paulist Fathers of West Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City.

We are always interested to receive communications from our brother-societies. Among these Mill Hill has always been an inspiration. We have followed its work for many years, and have visited all of its houses. Our readers and our own missionaries will be glad to see the latest group of faculty and students at the Society's House in Bressanone, Austria. Fr. Foller, the Superior, writes:

The third from the left in the row

*Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.*

*You of comparatively small means, will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time you will be furthering the cause of foreign missions. We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.*



*Bishop Dunn and his companions received by Bishop Costa Nunes at Macao*

of priests seated is Msgr. H. Mut-schlechner, the Vicar Capitular, who honored us with his presence on the occasion of the departure to the mission field of the three Fathers (with crosses) in the center—Fr. Altmann to Cameroon, Fr. Sint to Borneo, and Fr. Leimegger to Uganda.

#### SAFER MAIL ASSURED

**T**HANKFUL we are to say that our Post Office troubles have been considerably lessened.

Clever and persevering work on the part of government inspectors and detectives finally revealed that for *some years past* one of two railroad postal clerks has been secretly withdrawing from the

mail bags letters addressed to Maryknoll. These he would open at leisure when alone, retaining what currency he would find, and destroying checks, money orders, envelopes, and letters that might be used as evidence against him.

Several decoy letters, specially marked, revealed the culprit who soon confessed, and is under sentence.

We have been warned, however, to notify friends that in making remittances they should not use bills, and should not fail to inform us if they receive no acknowledgment within a reasonable length of time.



*A group of Mill Hill friends at Bressanone, Austria*

**SPREAD YOUR FAITH**

## In a Virgin Field

By Fr. Bernard F. Meyer

**I**N our February issue Fr. Meyer wrote of his experiences in visiting new territory in the district over which he presides. We conclude, in this number, his interesting letter:

Before daylight I am awakened by the noise and bustle in the kitchen below, and soon the room boy comes with a basin and hot water. There is no thought of saying Mass in a place like this, with no privacy and only a noisy group of curious pagans as auditors, so my Communion this morning must be a spiritual one. Breakfast over, the porter puts in his appearance, suspends the baggage to his satisfaction from both ends of the pole, squats down to get his shoulder under it, rises, and we are off, just as the sun begins to appear over the mountain.

One has a curious feeling of expectancy as he travels on these strange trails, perhaps never before trod by the foot of a white man. I have been here long enough not to have visions of bandits on every unfamiliar path, and I look about with interest as we walk along, wondering how long it will be until the people in at least some of these villages, now all in the thrall of Satan, will break their bonds, and be restored to the freedom of sons of God. Already countless prayers are going up over the Christian world on behalf of pagan souls, thereby procuring every year the conversion of great numbers. But it is here, as one travels hour after hour, even day after day, past populous villages that are all under the power of Satan, where the inhabitants bow down, and little children are being taught to bow down and acknowledge his sway, that one realizes the awful truth; and one feels there is needed a Bossuet to go over the world, enrolling all who believe in Christ in a great spiritual Red Cross, to bring succor to these souls perishing in the catastrophe brought upon itself by the human race. By a single prayer from her burning heart St. Teresa is said to have secured the conversions of thousands. Perhaps none may scale the heights she attained, but every single heartfelt prayer of love, each act of mortification will reach the



(Photo from Fr. Meyer)

### ALONG THE DIKES

*"One has a strange feeling as he travels on these strange trails, perhaps never before trod by a white man."*

missions more surely and quickly than the message that radio flashes through the ether.

Here and there I notice a strong odor of cinnamon, and my guide informs me that whole mountain sides are planted with it; it is not much grown around Pingnam, though the province of Kwangsi as a whole is noted for its export.

We are now on the road to Jungyuen,

the capital city of the district, but are turned toward the market town of Tszeleung, around which are the only catechumens we have at present in the Jungyuen district. It is rather a long jaunt, something over twenty miles, and we are not halfway before a large blister appears on one heel. I have made the mistake of trying to wear a new pair of handmade shoes without previous trial as to whether they were right in every particular, and now the long journey reveals that there is a very rough seam.

Toward evening we reach the house of the catechumen at which the catechist is making his headquarters, and footsore is forgotten in interest in this new outpost for Christ. As yet one can note little that is striking; the head of the house conducts a small school, and the boys say their prayers for my benefit. As the news of my arrival becomes known, a number of adults come in; some are interested, others merely curious. At night prayers and sermon others appear, but the greater number of catechumens, so the catechist informs me, live several miles away; a few are in the market town nearby, and do not come because the gates would be closed and locked before they could return.

After Mass—the first Mass I say in a formerly pagan house always has a special significance for me—followed by morning rice, we set out to visit the catechumens, first those farther in the country, and then those in the market. The chief of the former is a school teacher, and the names that have been given me are nearly all those of the families of his pupils. Some, I realize, hardly know what it is all

### MAKE IT STRINGLESS

Recent news from Fr. Bernard F. Meyer of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in eastern Kwangsi Province, South China, contains another reason for stringless gifts. The Wuchow field is considered the poorest in all China, both as to the number of Christians and the Church establishments in existence, and the Maryknollers in this mission will have to build from the ground up.

Fr. Meyer writes: "In the Wuchow Mission we are spending two hundred dollars a year for doctrine books and pamphlets to spread the Faith, but as no one thinks to send money for such a need we are robbing Peter to pay Paul. Who will make it possible for us to make restitution to Peter?"

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND



about; but there are others of good will, and I feel sure that tactful handling will gain them entirely. While they have given their names as catechumens, they have before them no examples of practising Christians, nor a stable and solidly established Church; already they have shown much courage and overcome much prejudice in taking the step, but they will not give us their complete confidence until they have further evidence that they will not be betrayed. Their feeling of strangeness and ignorance of our motives must be overcome by frequent contact, so I am anxious to have priests establish themselves as soon as possible at Jung-yuen, less than twenty miles away, which is the center of the district.

These priests will have special need of prayers to aid them, for they will go as strangers among a strange people; they will find no Christians for whom grace and familiar practise have made their faith a second nature, but neophytes whose outlook on life and its duties is tinged with the paganism of their past; they will find people who are good in their way, but who cannot have that delicacy of feeling and conscience which one expects to find among those trained in Christianity from childhood; they can expect none of that implicit confidence, as of a child to its father, which among "old" Christians so consoles the missionary, and causes him to forget the sacrifices he has made.

The catechumens in the town are visited. The day passes all too quickly and in the evening I make arrangements to return to Pingnam. My foot seems to be in no condition for walking so far, so a chair is arranged for. It is the "mountain-chair", consisting of a few pieces of bamboo woven together for a seat, and slung from two bamboo poles. There is a stick in front as a foot rest. This has the advantage of being light for the carriers, but it gives no protection from the weather.

The return journey is without special incident, but requires an extra day, for the schedule of the buses is arranged to meet the boats going down rather than up the West River, and I reach the shore shortly after the boat for Pingnam has gone. The night is spent in a Chinese inn, and the next morning I wait until ten o'clock for the steamer

which brings me back to Pingnam a little after twelve.

The trip was more hurried than I should have liked it to be, but I have returned with a mental picture of the place and its people which will help me to evaluate the reports which the catechists will send from time to time.

For the converts, too, it has been a value; the very fact of their seeing me will increase their confidence and certainty of the stability of the organization which they have joined. It will help us to appreciate their position if we recall that, when they gave up their superstitions to enter the Faith, there were many who shook their heads, "What is this Pingnam Catholic Church anyhow? You had better be careful, or you'll wake up some morning to find that you have really joined a 'Red' organization or something, and the government will be after you. Haven't we heard that foreigners take the eyes out of people to make medicine; if not while alive, at least after they die?"

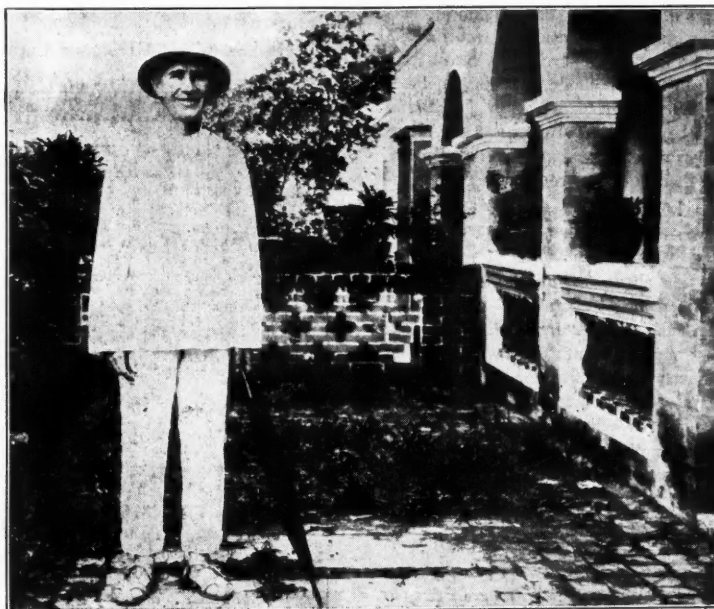
The catechist has been doing what he could to counteract this; he has told them of Catholicity in other parts of China. But my visit was long looked

*We have reason to believe that the large proportion, if not all, of our readers, are members of the worldwide Society for the Propagation of the Faith.*

*If there are some not attached to that richly indulgenced Society, we urge them to take advantage of the opportunity which it affords to help the general mission work of the Church at home and abroad, and to share in a great treasury of merits. Information can be secured from your Diocesan Director of Missions, or from the National Office, 109 E. 38th St., New York City.*

forward to as being that of both a foreigner and official representative of the Catholic Church. I met a good many people, and visited a number of shops in the market; the word will go around that this foreign preacher of the Catholic faith does not look to be such an ogre after all.

In a few months I shall go again to remain considerably longer, and I shall be much surprised if there be not a noticeable increase in the number of catechumens afterwards.



(Photo from Fr. Meyer)

THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR OF THE KWANGSI MISSION Broadway, New York, would be interested in his regalia, but Fr. Meyer feels much more at home among the Chinese of Kwangsi, difficult as it has been for him to reach their hearts

**SUPPORT A CATECHIST**

### A Student's Impression of the Holy Father

WHEN the Maryknoll Superior visited the Holy Father recently, he was accompanied by several of his students, one of whom wrote to the Home Knoll:

Maryknollers in Rome, nine in number, met at the bronze door of the Vatican Palace at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, December 4. A privilege of a lifetime was soon to be ours—a very special audience with the Vicar of Jesus Christ. At twelve-fifteen Father Superior would be ushered into the private library of Pope Pius XI, and immediately after their conference he would present us to His Holiness.

As soon as all had arrived, we passed through the famous doorway. Swiss guards in their picturesque medieval uniforms (we were entering papal territory) examined our invitation, and we passed on up the splendid staircase, through an open court, and then up other flights of stairs. We were shown into an anteroom where hats and coats were laid aside and *ferriolas* donned, then escorted to an adjoining room where we waited, while two officers of the papal army, under fur hats of astounding dimensions, marched heavily to and fro across its beautifully polished marble floor. A young member of the Roman papal guard, with gun and bayonet, kept watch at the door. When a prelate passed through the room, the Swiss guards brought their heels together with a snap, and every inch of their six feet plus was at attention. Well trained men, these papal soldiers!

After about ten minutes one of the chamberlains, several of whom had been rushing back and forth in red silk suits, gave a signal to the guards who promptly stepped to the center of the room. We were bidden to stand, and were just wondering why when a number of cardinals with their secretaries, and several bishops passed through. Among them we recognized Cardinal Vannutelli, Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Bisletto, and Cardinal Laurenti who, we knew, had received Father Superior and Father Price in 1911 when Maryknoll was only a plan. It was evident that one of the Sacred Congregations had just finished a session with His Holiness.

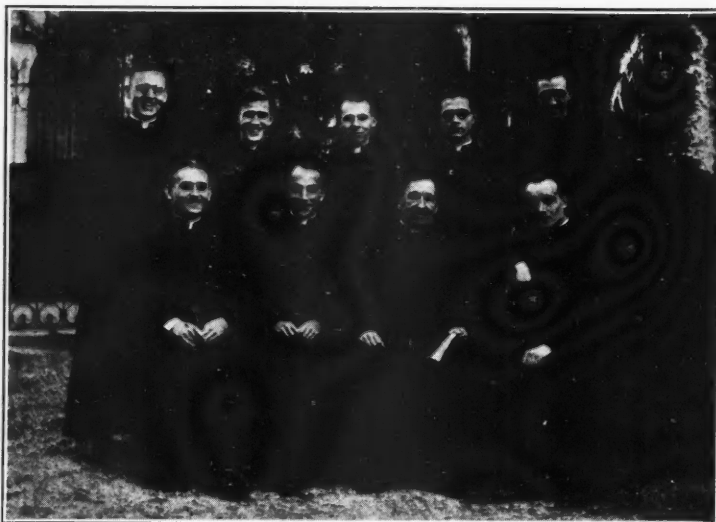
Father Superior was then called away from us, and soon afterwards we, too, were led through three more large halls, across beautifully designed marble floors, and past walls adorned with priceless tapestries to another room. In the meantime Archbishop Caccia, *Maestro di Camera* of His Holiness, came into the room and met us. He inquired from just what part of the United States each of us had come, and spoke of his visits to the various cities when he went to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. His Excellency also recalled that during that trip, after leaving New York on the "red train" with the Cardinals, he had seen our seminarians gathered at Harmon.

At this point an English-speaking Archbishop came through, and Father Superior, who had been waiting alone in the anteroom, was ushered into the presence of the greatest man on earth for a private talk on a subject of deepest interest to both. We were then led into the throne room, and it was strange to realize that, in the library immediately adjoining, His Holiness was sitting at his desk discussing Maryknoll and its work.

In the meantime, Monsignor Caccia

saw that all was in readiness for our reception, and gave us a few simple directions. After about fifteen minutes a buzzer sounded, and we knew that the private audience was over. A moment later Father Superior came out, radiant with appreciation of his great privilege. It was already past one o'clock, and the daily general audiences were to follow. Monsignor Caccia, who always accompanies His Holiness on these occasions, entered the library, and a few seconds later His Holiness came into the throne room. We fell on our knees, and Monsignor Caccia passed on into the next room, leaving us Maryknollers alone with the Father of Kings, the most powerful monarch on earth, who rules, not the material and temporal, but the eternal; who rules with an infallible, a divine power; who is the Vicar of Christ Himself.

His Holiness first approached Father Superior who took his hand and kissed his ring. He then offered his hand to Fr. Ford whom Father Superior presented in a few words, after which His Holiness turned again to our missionary from South China, and rested his hands kindly upon Fr. Ford's head. Next there came a look of recognition for Fr. Considine, with blessings in turn for him, for Fr. Winslow, the four



THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR WITH HIS FAMILY  
AT COLLEGIO MARYKNOLL

The group includes four priests, four students, and one Brother.  
(Seated) Fr. Winslow, Fr. Ford, the Superior of Maryknoll, and Fr. Considine

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

seminarians, and our Brother.

Then standing back His Holiness spoke substantially as follows: "We are acquainted with your Society and with what it is doing. It has expanded well, and wherever it is, it is working hard. For your Society, then, all the blessings that you desire! We are following it with great interest and with joy."

His Holiness paused a second, then added: "And for your students, a very special blessing, because when we speak of novices and of students we are speaking of the future. Really they are the future. We say few and good; not quantity but quality—*n'est-ce-pas?*" (turning to Fr. Superior and pausing a little); "and then we also say good and many. For you may it be thus!"

Then moving back another step His Holiness began in a clear voice: *Sit nomen Domini benedictum.* (Response: *Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.*) *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.* (Response: *Qui fecit caelum et terram.*) *Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritui Sancti descendat super vos et maneant semper.*

And he was gone.

Deeply impressed and fully conscious of our great privilege, we quietly found our way out of the holy palace, and directed our steps to the tomb of the Apostles, to the crypt in glorious St. Peter's where we pleaded the cause of Maryknoll and Maryknollers.

Maryknoll-in-Rome has a brass doorplate at the outside gate and on the doorplate are the words *Collegio Maryknoll.*

A small group of students and a Brother occupy the upper story of the house, and under the direction of two Maryknoll priests lead there a quiet seminary life. Six other American priests, one a domestic prelate, live pleasantly under our Roman roof-tree.

Should any of our friends be in Rome and interested in visiting a Maryknoll house, the place can be readily found in the telephone directory.

Keep "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs" on your small table for an occasional spiritual tonic.

### THE HOLY FATHER AND CATECHISTS

In his great mission encyclical the "*Rerum Ecclesiae*" our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, says of catechists:

*"Nor should We pass over in silence another point which is most important for the propagation of the Faith; namely, the advantage of multiplying the number of catechists—whether they be chosen from Europeans, or preferably from the natives—who may help the missionaries particularly by instructing catechumens and preparing them for Baptism. Their success will be in proportion to the intimate knowledge they have of the mentality of the natives."*



Maryknoll missionaries in South China, Manchuria, and Korea have fully experienced the truth of the Holy Father's words concerning catechists, and they are increasingly anxious to multiply the number of their native helpers. The salary of a native catechist in the Maryknoll fields of China is fifteen dollars a month. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a minimum monthly wage of twenty dollars is required.

### THEY SPEAK KINDLY

THE FIELD AFAR is surely worth many times your subscription price.  
—Mass.

Please hit my stencil on the head with this check and tell it to stay put.  
—Mass.

Enclosed find renewal to THE FIELD AFAR which I consider a privilege to send.—Mass.

Life would not be complete without THE FIELD AFAR. I need its monthly inspiration.—N. Y.

Everyone in our house watches for THE FIELD AFAR—the most interesting of magazines.—Calif.

We all enjoy THE FIELD AFAR more and more. Each issue is better than the preceding one.—Calif.

We all enjoy reading THE FIELD AFAR, and not one of us would ever think of giving it up.—Ill.

I am enclosing my renewal for THE FIELD AFAR. I find each issue a wonderful inspiration.—Ohio.

I must get your publication as long as I live. I consider it a privilege to be a subscriber.—N. Y.

I am very glad you saved my stencil from the grave, for I would be lost without THE FIELD AFAR.—N. Y.

The extra offering is a slight token of appreciation of your wonderful magazine, THE FIELD AFAR. May God bless it!—Maine.

THE FIELD AFAR is without doubt a most unusual publication. It is a real stimulant, and I hope it will have continued success.—N. Y.

Be sure to send me THE FIELD AFAR. I cannot give that up so long as I have a dollar to pay for it. I look forward to it each month.—Calif.

THE FIELD AFAR is the best magazine I receive. During the past two years, while I was travelling, I was lost without it.—Rev. Friend, Iowa.

Enclosed please find money order for \$3, for my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for one year. The little magazine is worth more than that to me.—Pa.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST



## Along the Line In Eastern Asia

### SOUTH CHINA

#### Kaying

AFTER retreat, I went to Siou Loc on a bicycle. It was something of an experiment to see whether or not a bicycle is practical for quick travel between our mission stations. After a rather hard ride, with some falls off narrow paths, I reached the village. I think the cycle will be useful for mission trips, especially when one is sufficiently proficient to travel narrow pathways fearlessly, and to jump over ditches with the least possible inconvenience.

I took two of our boys on a little trip seventeen miles into the mountains, to a village which is the home of fifty Catholics, including one of our seminarians. It has a fine chapel, and the people are faithful in attending Sunday services conducted by a farmer, the "senior" of the village. He is well-versed in the Faith, and gives a weekly instruction. Our visit gave these good people an opportunity to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments—an opportunity they valued highly. In Christian villages the drug store is usually conducted by a Catholic, and his shop is the center of village life. The native son, our seminarian, took us to see all the sights, one of which was a most simple little paper mill.

We returned to Siou Loc quickly as the hills were in our favor. The boys walked barefooted to save their shoes which were becoming torn. They were excellent companions, real boys but gentlemanly and full of fun. I find these trips with the students very pleasant and helpful. They provide means of learning manners and customs, practice in the language, and a knowledge of the roads. (Fr. O'Brien)

Father Murphy and I recently had occasion to go to Hong Kong. The trip back from Swatow was a real taste of mission travel, and I am sure that the new priests were delightfully surprised to find the haven we have here. All along the line the people were more than usually inquisitive about the foreigners, but when they discovered that two in the group could speak the language they were more at ease. It amused us to hear them discuss us

(they evidently did not think we could understand); and we enjoyed their decision that the "low low man" (Father Murphy) had a far better command of the language than the "higher man" (your humbled servant). (Bro. Augustine)

#### Sak Tsen

THE Sak Tsen Girls' Academy and Night School has once more opened its doors to our promising young ladies. The Academy is a non-committal sort of place, being at once the classroom and playground of the little girls, the congregating place for the older women after the toil of the day, and the scene of "parish socials". The school is in charge of our lady catechist.

The boys are to start in a few days. They have been "hanging around the corner" waiting for classes to open. We have a suspicion, though, that the great attraction is not so much the new books as the new suit of green clothes each is going to have. Green? Yes; but not because we will, if we may, call our church St. Patrick's, nor because the house is full of Murphys and


Malones; it is simply because in these days of "Red" the students wear green. (Fr. Murphy)

#### Kochow

FR. PASCHANG has been away now for some days, and I am getting my first taste of mission experience. I am kept busy teaching, taking care of the dispensary, answering questions, and trying to get in some Chinese study. The dispensary is by far the most popular phase of the mission here. The people come at all hours with all kinds of ailments. They have absolute faith in western medicine and in us, and are willing to try anything. If they are cured they tell all their relatives and friends, and in this way contacts are made.

The village has been very much upset for the past few days because the mandarin has issued a decree that all idols are to be destroyed. The people parade in protest every night, but the idols are being done away with just the same. It is hard to tell what the outcome will be, for these idols have been worshipped for hundreds of years. (Fr. Connors)

*The Maryknoll Perpetual Membership Certificate is a guarantee of rich spiritual blessings for its possessor. Is there one, or better, are there several in your home? The offering required for a Perpetual Associate Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is fifty dollars, and payment may be extended over a period of two years.*




GOING, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS. *Matthew 28*

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT**

**HAS BEEN ENROLLED IN PERPETUITY AS AN  
ASSOCIATE IN THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION  
SOCIETY OF AMERICA, & SHARES IN THE MASSES,  
COMMUNIONS & GOOD WORKS, OFFERED  
BY AND FOR THIS SOCIETY.**

MARYKNOLL  
NEW YORK

SUPERIOR



READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

**Yeungkong**

**L**AST year, Bishop Walsh suggested that Fr. Bauer and I remain together for Holy Week so that we might carry out the ceremonies as far as possible. We celebrated with entire ritual, excepting the Tenebrae, and the people were very much pleased with everything.

At three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon we had the Stations of the Cross. Here the priest says nothing at this service. He simply moves from station to station, accompanied by cross-bearer and acolytes, while two men in the congregation read an explanation of each station. The entire congregation joins in singing the Chinese version of "Stabat Mater".

Our cook—a faithful, loyal, likeable, jack-of-all-trades—made the Paschal Candle, and it looked as attractive as some we have seen produced by professionals. It was two and a half feet tall, three inches in diameter, and decorated with four bands of gold tape. Some of the wax was gouged out, and red sealing wax poured on in the form of a cross.

After Mass on Holy Saturday there was the usual request to bless the homes of our people and give them Easter Water. Some of the Christians who happened to be ill asked if they might drink it, and said it made them feel better. Their faith is fine.

**Chikkai**

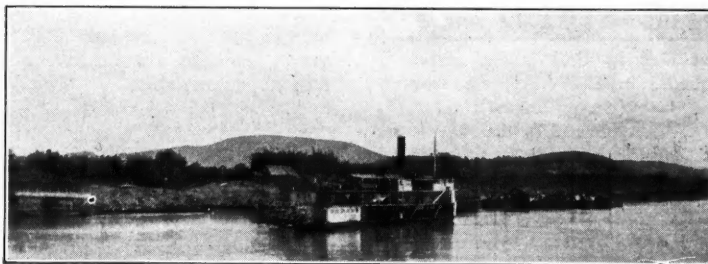
**N**OT long ago Forty Hours Devotions were held at Naam Yeung, "number three" of our main Christian settlements. In spite of incessant rains which converted this corner of the world into one huge mud puddle, the attendance was top-notch—so encouraging to the pastor that he gave several impromptu *ferverinos* at the closing Benediction each day.

To what extent were his remarks understood? Two Christians were making soggy progress toward home one evening.

"Mary," said one, "did you understand the Father's language when he was praying?"

"The reverend Father is very zealous," came the reply.

Now was that not neat? No lie told, no violation of charity! These people are a joy. Forty Hours Devotion in a poverty-stricken mission chapel is



(Photo from Fr. Meyer)

*Steaming up the West River to Pingnam*

also a joy—an unforgettable experience, and a period of happiness for missionary and faithful alike. (Fr. McGinn)

**Pingnam**

**W**E are beginning to get our bearings after three weeks in our land of adoption, and we find everything in-

dered where the laundry man got the habit of sprinkling the clothes through his teeth. Over here the boys use the same method to keep down the dust when sweeping. It is a perfectly natural part of the process.

We have an audience every afternoon when we play handball for exer-



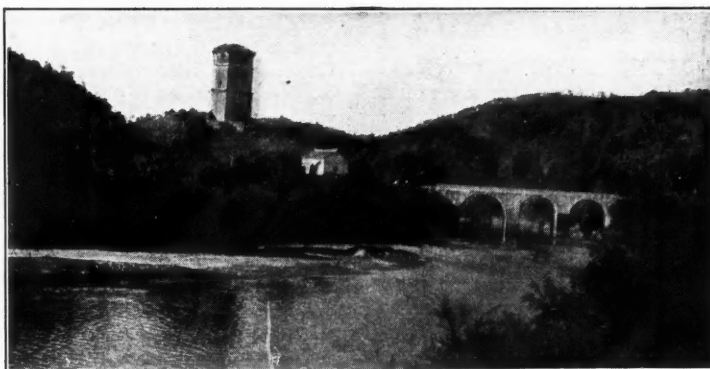
(Photo from Fr. O'Brien)

*A sedan chair is a luxury for the missionary, but he must use it occasionally*

tensely interesting. So many little things amuse us. Back home, whenever I called at the Chinese laundry I won-

cise. The Chinese students gather, and have a quiet laugh at our expense. Our

(Continued on page 82)



(Photo from Fr. Maione)

*Reminders of the homeland may be found even in South China*

**PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY**

## THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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THE month of March brings three feasts that always inspire apostolic zeal. Those of St. Patrick on the seventeenth, St. Joseph on the nineteenth, and the Annunciation, the twenty-fifth.

What St. Patrick did for Ireland, every missionary longs to do for the land of his adoption. St. Joseph, the first to bring the precious Body of Christ into a foreign land, is invoked as a special patron; and Our Lady of the Annunciation is properly expected to secure fine vocations for the apostolate.

We know that there are many young Americans who, like her, would answer the call from God, and prepare themselves to be Christ-bearers in distant lands.

AMONG the older priests in this country there are not a few who can trace their vocation to the Association of the Holy Childhood which was organized in churches here and there a half century ago.

Since then the larger Society for the Propagation of the Faith has been extended from coast to coast, and there is every reason to hope that vocations will greatly increase.

A point of vital importance, however, is that mission literature,

from whatever source it comes, should get into the hands of the young while minds and hearts are still impressionable.

AMONG our readers are many who habitually make the *Novena of Grace* in honor of St. Francis Xavier.

This novena runs from March fourth to March twelfth, and in a recent letter from Bishop Walsh, who had been visiting Sancian Island (where St. Francis Xavier died), we find the following suggestion:

Can we not get the spiritual benefit of friends who are going to make the Novena of Grace by asking them to remember Sancian Island this year? The backward Christians of that precious mission need your prayers, and so does the Maryknoll pastor who is struggling to push them forward.

In asking St. Francis for this favor, you will have the saint himself on your side, for he is already interested in that blessed spot where he consummated his sacrifice.

---

Can we reach those Catholic children, who through no fault of their own are deprived of the atmosphere that surrounds a Catholic school? And reaching them, may we touch their souls with the fire of the mission spirit? Among these are perhaps future apostles.

---

THERE is, as a matter of fact, no direct profit from THE FIELD AFAR, but its special purpose would be secured even if it were published at a loss. That purpose is to win friends for a great Cause. To these friends, an occasional reminder is given that, as we are made up of body and soul in this world, material aid is required to advance even a spiritual Cause.

We are just now calling for a Lenten sacrifice—thirty pieces of silver, and we look for a substantial return which we shall apply to the expense of finishing our first preparatory college, the Vénard. For some years past this college has been awaiting completion.

We know that some among our

many readers will gladly respond, and our prayer is that many others, who for one reason or another have not so far been among our supporters, will at this time make Maryknoll their grateful beneficiary.

IN the September, 1919, issue of THE FIELD AFAR there was a short editorial touching indirectly on vocations. The paragraph ended with the words:

"I a missionary priest or nun? Impossible! Think it over."

These lines fell under the eyes of a young woman whose home was very far from the Atlantic border. She now writes:

I think it will interest you to know that today I came across the ten words that gave me my vocation. I found them in THE FIELD AFAR ten years ago.

The morning I discovered my vocation I had no more idea of becoming a religious than of going to Timbaktu. The first words that looked up at me as I opened THE FIELD AFAR were: "I a missionary priest or nun? Impossible! Think it over."

They made their impression, and later in the day I made my first visit to the Maryknoll Procure on V— Avenue, and told Fr. C—— that I hoped to leave for Maryknoll the next week. You know the rest of the story.

It may interest you to know also that although today I saw these words for the second time, they have never left my mind.

ON the occasion of his recent visit to Rome, the Maryknoll Superior, favored by Pope Pius XI with a private audience, was also given the opportunity to present in a special audience a little group of Maryknollers, including four students.

His Holiness, on this occasion, after expressing his interest in Maryknoll activities, turned to the students and urged them to qualify themselves well for the task that lies before them.

"Quality first," His Holiness emphasized, "then quantity." But he wished for Maryknoll "both

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS



quantity and quality".

This wish of our Holy Father is his prayer, and we of Maryknoll are keen to have such a wish realized, such a prayer granted.

God calls His future priests through human agencies, and perhaps you, dear friend, will be His means of communication.

A pamphlet, a book, a copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*, or a word passing from you to some youthful friend may mean a later addition to the officers of the overseas army of God.

Watch for your opportunity!



IT often occasions surprise that missions should require financial support in contrast to the preaching of the Apostles described by St. Peter in his famous words: "Silver and gold I have none."

Quite possibly the conditions are not parallel. The Roman empire, evangelized by the fishermen, was economically the leader of the world at that day.

It would be interesting to know just what problems confronted St. Thomas who wandered beyond the long arm of Rome in his attempt to spread the Faith in India. At any rate, a successful successor of his had this to say:

Send to our Fathers a sufficient sum for their maintenance, drawn from the royal treasury. They can expect little or no help from the natives on account of the poverty of the country and its inhabitants.

Perhaps nobody after the Apostles themselves is a better authority on the question than the writer of these lines. They were penned by Francis Xavier.

Impress the Catholic child of to-day with the mission spirit, and the next generation will chronicle a great increase in the Church of Christ.

TRAVELERS through the Inland Sea of Japan are to be envied. It is one of the scenic spots of the world, and the day spent viewing it from the palatial deck of the modern liner is far



**BLESSED JOSEPH**, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her divine Son. Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not.

and away the event of the trip to the Orient.

How many, however, think of the first foreigner to make that journey? He was the Apostolic Nuncio to the Far East, but it would not have been easy to recognize that dignity in the man who first trudged that coastline from Yamaguchi to Kyoto, barefoot in the bitter cold, now running as a lackey beside the horse of a Japanese merchant, now stopping to staunch wounds from the arrows of the bandits along the way.

Francis Xavier suffered in Japan; it was there his hair turned white at forty-five. Yet he always referred to the Japanese as "the delight of my soul".

Amid the softness of our modern day, let us not forget the sacrifices of the greatest of missionaries, and let us remember also that noble people for whom he gladly made them. For Xavier's heaven will scarcely be complete until his beloved Japan has obtained the pearl of great price.

IN Christ the Catholic Church received the criminal's brand. His mark is on her still, the sign of His possession. Jesus was not accorded even criminal's rights. He died an innocent victim of villainous defamers, false accusers.

"I find no cause in Him. I will chastise Him, therefore, and release Him." What a legal farce! "I find no cause in Him; therefore, I will chastise Him." Pilate could hardly have realized how many would lament his weakness. To please men he made justice a mockery.

The Church is always on trial. Like her Master she is innocent and without blemish. Pompously she is assailed. Freely she is judged by those who know her not at all. Quickly she is condemned with only a partial and prejudiced hearing. If you do her justice, "you are not Caesar's friend."

Cool, dispassionate judgment would reveal her for what she is. Her doctrines are "impracticable", her sacraments "of no avail". That, too, was the charge against Christ—He could not free the land from Caesar's dominion. His doctrines were "unsuitable". Headstrong Jews followed the way of human prudence—that way lay destruction. Too late was realized that deception. Jesus was condemned lest all should perish! All did perish, and none remained to justify Jesus.

If men could learn the lesson, the history of that destruction would not be repeated in individual lives. So many today condemn the Church untried. If they would try her doctrines and her sacraments, the face of the earth would be changed.

#### "BENEFACTORS" AND "FOUNDERS"

A Manyknoll **BENEFACTOR** is one who has subscribed a thousand dollars.

A Manyknoll **FOUNDER** is one who has given for any special need of the Society five thousand dollars.

The names of **BENEFACTORS** and **FOUNDERS** will be perpetuated in the archives of the Society.

## A Movement Toward Native Christianity

*The story of Blessed Wu, native martyr, t*

**T**HE native Chinese bishops consecrated at Rome by His Holiness Pope Pius XI are proving in many ways that the best apostles of the Chinese are men of their own race. They are appealing to the souls of their people by means which would be impossible for a foreigner.

An interesting instance of this is a new form of apostolate employed by Bishop Sun, C.M., in the Prefecture Apostolic of Lih-sien, Chili Province.

Chinese Catholics up to the present have known almost nothing of their own martyrs for the Faith, owing to the fact that no like-

nesses of these native Blessed were in existence. Many Chinese Catholics believed that the Catholic martyrology contained only the names of saints of the white race.

Bishop Sun is having Chinese holy pictures made, which represent incidents in the lives of native martyrs. This is in accor-



*Blessed Wu Kuo Cheng hears from Mr. Hsu the message of Christ. Grace touches his soul*



*Jealous for his Faith, Blessed Wu refuses to listen to the words of a tepid catechist*

dance with the wishes of the Apostolic Delegate to China, His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, who is eager to promote the development of a Chinese Catholic art.

It is a Chinese custom to decorate the walls of the dwellings with cheap pictures, which are changed every New Year's Day.



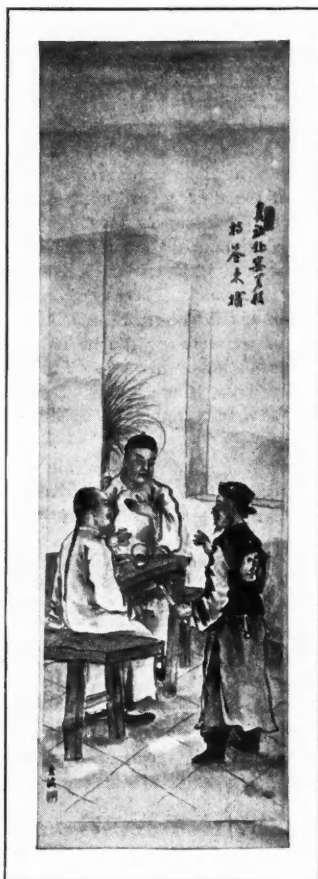
*Blessed Wu used every opportunity to preach the Faith to his countrymen*

From now on, the Catholics will have their own pictures for all visitors to see, and it is not unlikely that a good number of pagans will also paste up the Catholic pictures and their explanatory text. These prints will tell the stories of the Chinese martyrs, will depict scenes in the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and will explain various points of Catholic doctrine. They will lead to considerable conversation about Catholic subjects, and, undoubtedly, to sincere inquiry into the truths of Christianity.

Bishop Sun has also utilized for the spread of the Faith in his territory the Chinese love of theatri-

# Christian Art in the Orient

ative martyr, told in new Chinese prints

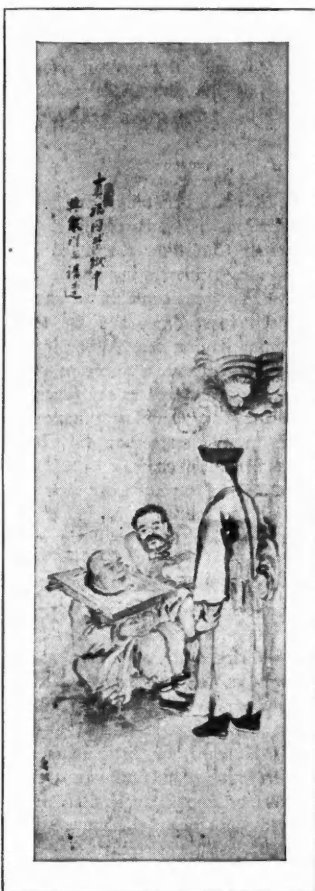


*While at table one day Blessed Wu received summons of arrest from a satellite*

cal representations. This enthusiasm of the Chinese for the theatre has been remarked by all foreigners visiting the country; they do not seem to consider any holiday complete unless a play is given. But there are certain elements in the pagan representations which make them unfit for the Chinese Christians. This has meant a real privation for the Christians. The Catholic theatre which Bishop Sun is developing will therefore answer the double purpose of giving the Christians legitimate pleasure and of attracting pagan spectators.

The initial effort was made last

year on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, when all the Christians from the surrounding country were in for the Feast. A large pavilion was set up in front of the church. The play given was the story of the conversion and martyrdom of Blessed Wu Kuo Cheng. The immense crowd of



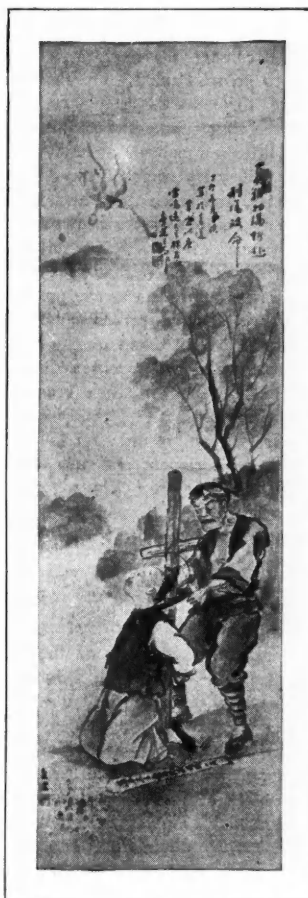
*The sufferings of imprisonment did not prevent Blessed Wu from continuing his apostolate*

spectators was delighted and since then the Chinese, pagans as well as Christians, have not ceased to inquire when the next play will be given.

Besides developing the novel forms of apostolate described above, Bishop Sun has organized

his lay Christians admirably for Catholic activities. He has laid the foundations of a Chinese congregation of Sisters. He has impressed the pagans so favorably with his educational undertakings, that he has been asked to assume the direction of government schools. The Chinese bishop has, as his co-worker in all these developments of Catholic action, Father Vincent Lebbe, C.M., the well known Belgian missionary who has lately become naturalized in China.

Bishop Sun appears to lack little except what is lacking to all missionaries, the "sinews of war".



*Happy to give his life for God, Blessed Wu suffers martyrdom by strangulation*



## ALONG THE LINE

(Continued from page 77)

antics with the little ball are as amusing to them as anything here is to us. (Fr. Flanagan)

We have had one week of Chinese classes. We know just one thing—that Fr. Deitz, our teacher, is enjoying the efforts we are making to imitate our Chinese guides in learning the tones.

Some workmen who are employed on the compound cannot understand the constant singing of tones. Our drilling interferes with their work at times, for they stop, and wonder, and laugh at our efforts. The other day I was going over a certain word with Fr. Deitz. He would say it, and I would try to repeat the sound. Suddenly we heard one of the workmen under the window sing it out correctly. (Fr. Romaniello)

Before coming up here, I had a chance to go to Pakkai. Fr. Paulhus took me through the seminary and around the compound. It was great to see the little seminarians at study and at play. They try some of the American games, and make their own marbles. Fr. Paulhus says they remind him very much of the Vénard students.

The trip up the river was uneventful. All we saw of pirates was the precautions—armed soldiers, screened netting, iron bars, and steel doors on the boat. Fr. Kiernan and his dog welcomed us at the shore, and the Christians received us with fireworks.

The first thing we did was to visit the Blessed Sacrament and ask God's blessing upon the new life we were about to begin, that through Him our efforts may be fruitful. (Bro. Francis)

KOREA  
Gishu

I HAD the consolation of giving the last sacraments to four of the old folks during the past month. Sylvester, our house boy, remarked that it would have been cheaper to support them than to bury them. Their going to God has made room for new applicants who, just as soon as the cold weather comes, will be applying in greater numbers than we can accommodate.

These poor old people can manage to get along in the summer, but they cannot stand the cold season. It is not

an unusual sight to see policemen carrying on a stretcher some poor old man or woman found frozen to death by the roadside. Would that we had found and baptized them before they died!

Among a happy group to be baptized not long ago was one of our own old men from the Home. His feet are deformed, and he gets along by crawling on his hands and knees. His face beamed with joy as he came crawling up the hill to the church, and Our dear Lord surely must have been pleased with the sacrifice he made to come to receive the great grace of Baptism. (Fr. Peloquin)

## (The Convent)

Chang Maria, a benefactor and friend of the mission, visited us recently. She is a fervent Christian, a staunch Korean, and a most interesting guest. She is always happy to come in to any of the Church feast days, and we thoroughly enjoy having her. When it was time for her to leave, a dozen or more of her friends gathered to say farewell, and Queen Mary could not have departed in greater state than did Chang Maria in her little chair.

She invited us to return her visit, and this we did the following week. It was our first mission trip, and we were anxious to do everything Korean style. When we reached Chang Maria's, we were greeted with fans and mats, and began a chair-less existence. Our hostess served rice and sweet corn as refreshments, and in the evening a Korean banquet was provided, at which we did our best with chop sticks. We slept like real Koreans, on little mats and long, perfectly round pillows stuffed with millet or something similar. Perhaps we did not rest well, but we thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

## UP THE YALU RIVER

By Fr. Raymond A. Lane

WE had to get some information about the extreme eastern part of our mission, so Fr. Davis volunteered to make the trip. Fr. Jacques went along with him. The Japanese police maintain a fleet of shallow boats on the Yalu, with airplane engines and propellers as the driving, or rather drawing, force. Passengers may use the boats, and, though the going is slow in some places, it is much faster than by ordinary sampan. There are many good-sized cities along the Manchurian shore, and we were anxious to find out about the Catholics in the section because we knew there must be some among the immigrants from Shantung and Chihli.

Between the mouth of the Yalu and the extreme boundary of the Mission, there are three prefectural cities—Chian, Linkiang, and Chang-pai. Linkiang was the objective of the party, but circumstances interfered with the plans. A few days before the trip a group of Chinese bandits boarded one of the airplane-boats, and kidnapped a Japanese officer, a captain of the infantry detachment at Antung. The soldiers from the Chosen garrison pursued the bandits far into the Manchurian territory, and when the Fathers reached a spot half-way to Linkiang their boat was commandeered by the military for transport service.

The party remained for a few days on the Korean side as it was inadvisable to push on, especially in view of the available means of transportation. The Yalu has many rapids, and it is necessary for the boats to be pulled over these places. Even with a favorable wind, a good number of husky sailors at the rope, and others in the boat pull-

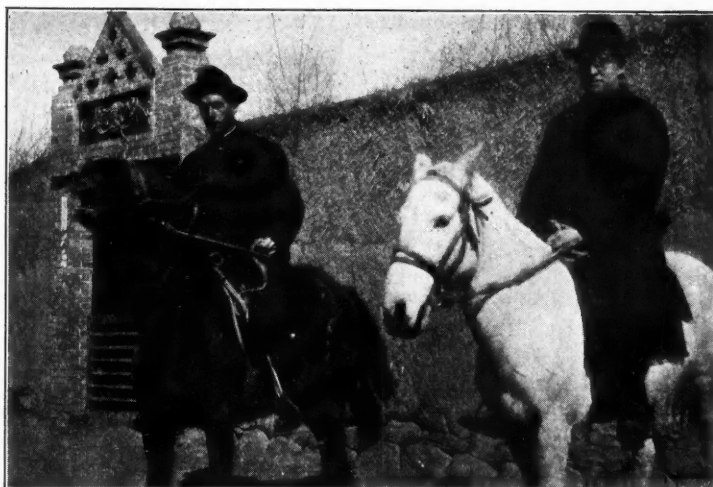
## FUTURE MISSIONERS

Over a door opening on the cloister of the Maryknoll Seminary have been carved the words: *Spes messis in semine—The hope of the harvest is in the seed.* American foreign missions will not prosper unless the seminaries in the homeland receive support. A gift of two hundred and fifty dollars covers for one year the training expenses of a young apostle. Maryknoll Burses call for five thousand dollars. The interest from a Burse will be used in perpetuity for the training of a future missionary.

ing for all their worth, the progress is slow and difficult. Frs. Davis and Jacques, with Tu, the Chinese boy, decided to return via sampan, and leisurely to make inquiry in the principal cities along the border. One of the places—Wu-chi-kou—was especially interesting. They found the people well-disposed and eager to hear about the Church. In the district they covered, which is only one-third of the total length of the mission territory with the Yalu as a boundary, they found locations for at least two missions with resident priests.

It was unfortunate that they could not have completed the trip, as we are especially anxious to know about the two large cities of Linkiang and Chian. However, midwinter may be a better time, as one can then travel rapidly by *pali* or sled with less danger of interruption because of bandits. Msgr. Byrne and Fr. Hunt covered a good section of the Yalu in this way two years ago, and reported the going excellent. It is my hope to complete the intended survey this coming winter, with the possibility of opening a mission at Linkiang next year. With this mission started, we shall have men in every section of the territory, though there will be large intervening spaces to be staffed little by little.

Shortly after the party reached An-



(Photo from Fr. Lane)

#### OFF TO EXPLORE NEW TERRITORY

*Fr. McCormack with Fr. Lane, Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in Manchuria*

tung, it was reported that the Japanese officer had been killed by the bandits, who had carried their captive to the vicinity of T'ung-hua, the site of our latest foundation. Fr. Sweeney left for this place two days ago, and he will soon be joined by our youngest Chinese priest, ordained July 1st, Fr. A. Pai.

Every year a number of lumber rafts are made up at T'ung-hua, and floated down to Antung, a distance of over a

thousand li, so if Fr. Sweeney finds other means of locomotion unavailable he can float back to Antung and Knoll hospitality.

#### FOR THE LIBRARY FOR THE CLASSROOM FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

Entertaining fiction, inspiring biography, informing travel notes, all are found in attractive form and at low prices on the Maryknoll book shelf. See the back cover.

### THE CHINESE STUDENT IN AMERICA—PROGRESS REPORTED

**I**T is good to note that each month more persons show interest in the problem of bringing Catholic Chinese to American universities and introducing non-Catholic Chinese in America to our Faith.

In looking over Maryknoll files, we find that in *THE FIELD AFAR* we began to mention the project in 1912. Three years passed before we received any favorable replies. In 1915 Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, the first to respond, offered free tuition for a Catholic Chinese at Dubuque College. In the fall of that year the Superior of Maryknoll sent Thomas Ping Ko Tang to Dubuque.

Thomas was twenty-two years old. He came from an old Catholic family near Canton, and had

been educated at the Christian Brothers' School in Hong Kong. His brother, Rev. Simon Tang, S. J., was ordained a few years ago in St. Louis.

In the thirteen years since Archbishop Keane made his generous offer, Maryknoll has written several times to the presidents of Catholic Universities and Colleges in America, and gradually has been able to secure free tuition for twenty Orientals.

The movement seems now to be acquiring momentum; and we hope that as Americans become interested gratifying results will follow.

The 1928 report of the China Institute in America shows that in

the past twenty-six years two hundred and nine doctorate degrees and five hundred and nineteen master's degrees were awarded to seven hundred and twenty-eight Chinese students in America. The students attended thirty-seven non-sectarian or State universities. The largest numbers are to be found at the University of Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Northwestern, Purdue, Stanford, and the University of Wisconsin.

The correspondence of Maryknoll priests with Chinese students in the United States reveals many stories of determination and perseverance. The record of Peter

#### ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

Yang, a youth from Fr. Ford's mission in Kaying, South China, is typical. Through the generosity of Columbia College, Dubuque, Peter was enabled to receive a three-years' training. His first report card shows that he was "excellent" in but two studies, and "fair" in others. Four months later when the strangeness of America had worn off, he found his stride, and all his marks became "excellent".

In 1923 Peter graduated from Dubuque, and was generously accepted by Notre Dame for further studies. In 1928 he received a degree in science, and this year is doing post-graduate work in Chicago. At the conclusion of his studies he hopes to return to China to help the Maryknoll Fathers, and to take his position as a leader in the life of his nation.

Another Chinese, who has been studying under Maryknoll auspices in the University of Dayton, writes:

Since the beginning of the scholastic years I have kept myself busy with my studies and my work in the stadium and the dining hall. I am getting along fine.

I informed you in my last letter that I wished to teach in the Maryknoll school, but, Father, if there is anything which you consider being more important and more necessary for me to do, please let me know. I will willingly follow your instructions.

Father, it is a pleasure to inform you that spiritual activities are participated in by almost every Catholic student here. Our sodality is divided into nine groups. The meeting of each group is supervised by one of the Brothers or priests. The group to which I belong held the second meeting last week, the general purposes of which are the promoting of the moral and spiritual control of conduct, and the encouragement of each member to become a Catholic leader in politics, industry, commerce, or in education. The support of Catholic missions in foreign lands is urgently stressed.

### If We Would Be Hospitable

AN inspection of the Maryknoll Center will reveal all kinds of leftovers, from cast-off clothing to a church organ. The only article so far positively refused was a parrot whose language was no less colorful than its plumage. Distribution goes merrily on—into vacant spaces, guest rooms, library, pantry, and so forth; and into the hands of Brothers, students, and priests, not excepting our *Number One* who appears occasionally in the finery of some one who has passed on.

From Circles, executors of wills, and other sources, these things flow more or less steadily into the Maryknoll Center and out to some of its branches.

They are gathered, too, for the missions, and forwarded regularly free of charge, thanks to a generous benefactor whose ships sail westward across the Pacific.

And, of course, for the Center with its many needs, as also for the outpost missions, come daily the indispensable gifts of money that make possible the existence and progress of this work. We, the beneficiaries, dutifully, and we may truly add, prayerfully, acknowledge such unfailing kindnesses, marveling always at the Providence of God.

We have a few Maryknoll establishments, however, that seem to be out of focus for the general public.

For example, there is the Procure at Hong Kong to which every Maryknoller in South China must go from time to time, and which he looks upon as his father's house, the nearest approach to home.

In Hong Kong there is shopping to be done, or bodies to be mended, or nerves to be quieted, and yearly there are retreats when the Hong Kong Procure is overflowing with sons of Maryknoll.

It is easily understood, though not realized, that a house in Hong Kong large enough to accommodate a score of men must cost

much money; also that the current expenditures are indispensable.

Yet, just as for coal at the Maryknoll Center, we have never dared to make an appeal for help to pay off the Hong Kong mortgage or to provide current expenses.

In the meantime the Hong Kong Procure is getting to be a popular haven for English-speaking and other priests, most of them missionaries traveling through to North China or to Europe.

To such visitors hospitality is gladly extended, but it costs to be hospitable, and as Maryknoll has no funds for this particular purpose Peter is robbed.

What is true of Hong Kong is true, too, in a lesser degree of Dairen in Manchuria, where Fr. Tibesar is beginning to feel that he has a Procure rather than a missionary's small house.

As hospitality expenses have mounted to a considerable item, an inquiry was recently made at Rome to learn whether or not there is any allowance from our Mission Aid Societies for such outlays. A negative response came back—so, it is "up to us".

Then there is our house in Rome which bears the dignified title of *Collegio Maryknoll*.

Now a house in Rome may be and is actually proving, not only useful but necessary, yet it is among the last of our houses to draw bills from the wallets of friends—much less substantial souvenirs from check books.

On his recent visit the Maryknoll Superior found the *Collegio Maryknoll* substantial and convenient, but rather scantily furnished; and the family were skimping as if they might get dislodged.

Should some kind friend be moved to express his interest in any or all of the above Maryknoll activities, his will be a distinctive offering—FOR HOSPITALITY.



# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

## JOHNNY REACHES THE WEST COAST

FATHER CHIN and Johnny Junior were sailing along over the Rocky Mountains in their aeroplane, the *Blue-gown*. The radio receiver buzzed out a message:

"How's the air up there?"

It came from a forester's lookout station on the mountain below them. Johnny turned over his radio switch from receiver to transmitter, and shot out an answer:

"The air is fine. What's the news down there?"

The last time we saw Father Chin and Johnny, they were on their way to Vénard College. After a few mishaps they reached the College with their cargo of Junior mite boxes for bricks in the Vénard walls. They spent a few happy weeks there, and then made a flying trip to Washington to visit the Maryknoll House of Studies near the Catholic University.

They started their trip westward, made one stop in the mid-west to unload a large order of mite boxes and Lenten posters, and were on their way to Seattle. They followed a route through the lower Canadian Rockies. The little blue and yellow plane with its red trimmings made a pretty picture as it sailed above the snow-capped peaks of the mountains. Johnny, feeling happy as usual, had another of his singing spells.

"Oh, come along, Juniors, and fly with me.

You surely will like the change.  
We'll live on the air, and sleep on a cloud,  
And cook on a mountain range."

"I wonder how all our Juniors are, Johnny? I wonder if they are doing as well with their mite boxes during Lent as they did during Advent?"

## THE ODD JOB CLUB

Boys in this club are always on the hop during after-school hours. They shovel snow from sidewalks, tend to furnaces, run errands and, in fact, do anything that turns up—anything that brings in the mites. They box the mites, and send them off to Maryknoll. That is the way they do their bit for the missionaries. Juniors, why not form an *Odd Job Club*?



*Oh, boys and girls of other lands,  
I'm waiting still for you  
To come and tell me of the Christ  
'Twas what He bade you do.*

"Oh, wasn't it great, Father, the way they showered us with letters. They surely did themselves proud."

"We ought to be hearing from them soon."

"If the Easter mail is anything like the blizzard of mite boxes that blew in on us at Christmas, we are due to be snowed under again—

*"O, they came from the North, and they  
came from the South,  
And they came from the East and  
the West;  
They all were so good they just tickled  
me pink,  
And I couldn't tell which was the  
best."*

"I think that you had better stop making up songs, Johnny, and look where you are going. If you don't watch the towns down there, we shall fly right over Seattle, and land somewhere in Japan."

"Have the Maryknoll Sisters a school in Seattle, Father?"

"Yes, sir, and about two hundred Japanese children attend it."



"Is that a fact? I didn't know there were so many Catholic Japanese families."

"They are not all from Catholic families. Many of the parents are pagans, but they like their children to attend the Sisters' School. Some of the children bring their parents to Church with them, and in that way converts are made."

"Say, Father, I have an idea. You know, when we get to Seattle I think it would be a good plan for us to get busy and start a Japanese Catholic paper."

"Oh, Johnny, you're behind time. They already have one there. It is called *Shinri*. That is the Japanese for *The Truth*. And the men of the parish have a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society."

By this time they had reached the city, and were looking for a place to stop. Johnny spotted an open field and prepared to make a landing. As they rolled lightly on to the field, a large bus driving along the road nearby skidded on the wet pavement, turned off the road towards them and nearly collided with the plane.

It would be difficult to say who appeared to be the most frightened, Father Chin and Johnny, or the faces that peered out of the windows of the bus.

"Why—look—look at the sign on that bus, Father! It says MARYKNOLL!"

"Oh, it must be the one that goes around the city to carry the Japanese children to the school."

They spied some familiar faces coming toward them, and they hopped out.

"So this," exclaimed Johnny, "so this is Seattle. My word!"

## AN INTELLIGENCE TEST

Can you—

*Read* Maryknoll books? Get acquainted with the missions? Tell others about them?

*Pray* Give three Hail Mary's daily for the missions?

*Throw* Bricks at the Vénard? They make walls. Get a mite box.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

## DEAR JUNIORS:

You remember the story of the group of boys who tried to start a boulder down the hill. One by one they tested their strength on it. Some did not even budge it. Others shook it a little, and one or two of the stronger boys moved it a short distance, but they could not keep it rolling.

Finally, they decided to unite their forces. They gathered in back, and laid their shoulders up against it. The signal was given, they all shoved at the same time, and away the stone rolled without any trouble at all.

Rolling stones is not the only activity that demands team work. Nearly everything that is done needs organization. Work becomes much easier when we unite our efforts. We are encouraged by one another's cooperation.

Maryknoll Junior Clubs obtain the same results. When there is a group of us working together there is not so much danger that we shall become discouraged and give up the work that interested us so much in the beginning.

When there is a club, there is a possibility of a mission library, and that means that we are able to obtain more books to read. We would not forget to say our prayers for the missionaries if our club had a fixed time for them every day. And, finally, in a club the penny mites become mighty pounds more quickly than they do in our individual mite boxes.

This is a good time to start a club. During Lent we are working hard by prayers and sacrifices to help the missionaries, and we ought to provide for the future. Membership in the Maryknoll Junior League is the best way to keep up our enthusiasm and prevent us from becoming discouraged. Your class in school and your church furnish the best opportunities for forming the club. If you need any ideas, write to us. We have lots of them. Today is the time to start.

With best wishes for your success,

Your

*Father Chin*

## A CHANCE FOR YOU

Every Junior, Class, or Crusade Unit, sending in the names and addresses of ten new subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR before April 1st, will receive a beautifully framed etching of Blessed Théophane Vénard. These subscriptions may be your own, or those of your family and friends.

A copy of the book, *A Modern Martyr*, which tells the story of Théophane Vénard's life and martyrdom, will be sent with each picture.

*Now, Let's Go!*

## YOUR SCRAP-BOOK AND WHAT TO PUT IN IT

A JUNIOR Scrap-Book is a fine idea. It affords a pleasant way of passing the time and it serves as a handy reference book on mission subjects. Get an old blank book, a loose-leaf note book, or an old photograph album. When you see an article in THE FIELD AFAR or some other book that you want to save, clip it out and paste it in the scrap-book. Pictures, missionaries' letters, Chinese lessons, and any number of other items are worth saving. If you divide your book into sections according to topics, you will have the fun of watching them grow.

Here is a suggestive outline. (Paste it in the front of your book and allow three or four pages for each topic.)

### 1—Early missions and missionaries in America.

### 2—Mission Societies in America.

1. Maryknoll — American Catholic Foreign Mission Society.
2. Other Mission Societies.

### 3—Mission Countries.

Have a map of each country either cut from some old book or traced.

1. China—its people, customs, religions, missionaries, etc.
2. Japan—the same as for China.
3. India—the same.
4. Other mission countries.

### 4—Missioners.

Past—little sketches and pictures of St. Francis Xavier, Blessed Théophane Vénard, Just de Bretenières, etc.

Present — American Missioners, Maryknollers and others.

### 5—Quotations.

Save the thoughts of missionaries that strike you.

### 6—Mission Books.

Don't feel that you must have all this material right away. Just start your scrap-book. Go slowly, and when anything turns up that you would like to keep, you will have a place for it.



*Johnny Junior's Scrap Book. Yes, Johnny is studying Chinese*

# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

## JUNIOR BANNER

THE Juniors of Our Lady of Lourdes School, Jamaica Plains, Mass., have proved themselves real knights and handmaids of Our Lady's Court, and are now the proud possessors of the Maryknoll Junior League Banner. These Juniors have distinguished themselves in every kind of League activity. As subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR, prize-winners in essay and puzzle contests, God-parents to pagan babies, and as "radio" fans they are second to none. If they continue "tuning in" on the missions as enthusiastically as they have been doing in the past, there should be no end of special requests for "Maryknoll, My Maryknoll!"

## MITE BOX AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Honors in the Mite Box Autobiography Contest went to the Freshmen of Mt. St. Ursula Academy, New York City. They captured both first and second place, and are represented among the honorable mention.

First Prize—*Eileen M. Connolly*.

Second Prize—*Marie O'Grady*.

Third Prize—*Joseph F. Perkins*, South Boston, Mass.

Honorable Mention—*Lillian Connolly, Florence Keating, June McCabe, Agnes Regan*.

## PUZZLES AND ANSWERS

1. *HIDDEN LAND OF ASIA*  
No tourists come to view our towns,  
Few merchants have we met.  
For many years our doors were closed;  
Our land is called ———.

2. *LO YO'S LAUNDRY RATES*  
6 collars and 7 cuffs for me  
And the cost in cents was 33;  
7 collars and 6 cuffs for you  
And he charges only 32.  
I pondered long and stayed up late  
To figure out in cents the rate.  
What was the rate for washing the  
collars and cuffs?

3. *ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY*  
An old Franciscan mission of California with a Spanish name is hidden in these jumbled letters. Maryknoll Juniors should not have any trouble in finding it.

NAS ANJU TATIBUSA

DECEMBER PUZZLE CONTEST  
Prize Winner—*Dorothy Walsh, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Jamaica Plains, Mass.*

1. Noel.  
2. Home—midnight; Rome—6 A. M. Christmas; China—1 P. M. Christmas.  
3. Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

## MARCH SEVENTEENTH

On this day we give praise to St. Patrick, the great missionary who first brought the word of Christ to Ireland. This day is dear to the Japanese Catholics, too; to them it is the "Feast of the Finding of the Church."

In the sixteenth century, St. Francis Xavier went to Japan and made many converts. Later, the emperor became jealous of the spread of the Faith. Great persecutions followed. Thousands of Christians were put to death; some, however, survived. All the priests were driven from the land.

Three hundred years later when Commodore Perry made a treaty with Japan, the country was again opened to foreigners. Priests came from France and built a church at Nagasaki. The three gold crosses on top of the church were seen by some people of a neighboring village, and they came to make inquiries.

They presented themselves to Father Petitjean on the seventeenth of March, 1865. After a few words, it was clear to him, that these people were Catholics whose ancestors had preserved the Faith for over two centuries without the ministering aid of a priest.

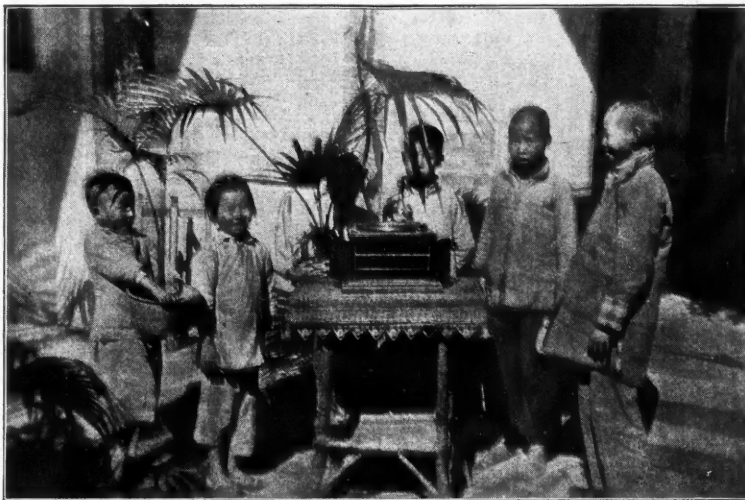
Later, Father Petitjean found whole villages of Catholics numbering many thousands. Thus it was, that on March seventeenth, priest and people in Japan were once more brought together after so many years of separation.

## 市 民 千 字 課

Pronounce: shih min ch'ien tze K'o

This is the name of a system of teaching Chinese characters. Many of the people of China can neither read nor write their own language. To help them out of this ignorance a committee of learned men devised a system by which the most commonly used characters might be taught to the people. They chose about one thousand characters. With a knowledge of these characters, the people are able to read certain newspapers and to write letters.

The seminarians at Maryknoll are following this system.



A prize from the Orient for the best title for this picture received by Father Chin by April first



## FROM THE TOP OF THE KNOLL

**Ordinations—**

**I**N the brief history of Maryknoll, ordinations have occurred at several seasons of the year, but as a rule those to the priesthood have been in late May or June.

The advantages of the most beautiful season of the year are obvious, and Maryknoll priests who were ordained in May or June recall the special joy which the fullness of spring added to their cup of happiness.

There are advantages, however, in receiving the priesthood *toward* the close rather than *at* the close of student life, and these advantages, especially spiritual, are so considerable that Maryknoll will hereafter have the annual ordinations in January or February rather than in May or June.

That is why we now announce that on Sunday, January 27th, in the Maryknoll chapel, Bishop Dunn of New York conferred the Holy Order of priesthood on nine young men, all of whom are ambitious to follow the setting sun across the Pacific or the rising sun across the Atlantic, in either or any other way, so long as they can help carry out the command of Christ to teach all nations.

The names of the new priests are: Rev. Arthur Dempsey, Peekskill, N. Y.; Rev. William Mulcahy, Framingham, Mass.; Rev. Martin Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Austin Hannon, New York City; Rev. John O'Donnell, New York City; Rev. Albert Murphy, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Thomas Malone, New York City; Rev. Joseph Regan, Fairhaven, Mass.; Rev. Fred Donaghy, New Bedford, Mass.

First Masses were offered at the Seminary on the day following ordinations; after these each of the nine went to his home parish, there to chant his first High Mass and to bless his relatives and friends.

"And what happened afterwards?" you ask.

Simply that having gratified and delighted their families and "old" friends, they returned dutifully to their Alma Mater, and resumed their lives as theological students.

Today they find their conditions hardly changed exteriorly, but within each feels his privilege as another Christ, and every morning has the supreme happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice in the quiet of seminary surroundings.

**Brothers' Retreat—**

**M**ID-YEAR vacation for students provided an opportunity for the annual retreat of Brothers at the Maryknoll Center.

There was a gathering from several houses, and it was an earnest group, thirty-nine Auxiliaries, who followed spiritual exercises during the last week of January, and bound themselves by chains of love to the Holy Family on February 2nd.

That day four young men received the habit of the Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael.

Maryknoll Brothers are now represented in almost every Maryknoll house here and abroad. They share in a variety of occupations which call for clerical or manual labor, and their coöperation has become quite vital in the Society's development.

No large proportion will go to the missions, but every Brother realizes that, wherever he may be placed, his work counts for the saving of souls. As one young *probationer* expressed it when we found him hard at work trying to clean up the corridor after the masons left: "I'm pushing a broom for God."

Recently an especially heroic young Brother who was suffering from some unknown cause offered himself as a subject of diagnosis for the students' medical class. The Brother still lives.

**The Library—**

**C**ATALOGING a library is fun when the library is small, and time is plentiful. Today, thanks largely to priest-friends, we at Maryknoll have something over fifteen thousand volumes to put in order. We welcome this task, however, and have set to work at it seriously—so seriously, in fact, that some of our helpfuls came near losing their health over it. We are getting very proud of the Maryknoll library, and we look forward to a day when some visitor will offer, in his own name or in the name of a Catholic organization, to take this really most attractive hall as a memorial.

The library has now taken its place as the scene of occasional disputations on subjects of philosophy or theology, and the setting is certainly a dignified one.

**Winter Picnics—**

**D**ID you ever hear of one? Somebody gave the idea to our Circle Director and it took!

The picnic concerns the Chirho Chalet. The Chalet can be used in winter because it has its own heating plant, and is equipped for the entertainment of circlers or students.

Maryknoll in winter is no less attractive than at other seasons. The views are clearer and broader, and, should there be snow on the ground, it is virgin white.

If, then, someone suggests a winter picnic day at Maryknoll, take our advice and accept.

**Students' Aims—**

**L**EAN enough usually is the purse of a seminarian, and this is true, especially so, perhaps, of a foreign mission aspirant. Yet, we are surprised and edified at the number of accumulated sacrifice offerings that come labeled "for a catechist", and signed anonymously by students.

**Our Stadium—**

**Y**OU may have seen the ruins of great amphitheatres in Europe. Doubtless, too, you have climbed to the *bleachers* to witness the great American game of baseball, or you have sat on cement slabs and watched struggles on the gridiron; but at Maryknoll we have a *stadium* unlike anything you have ever seen. Its architect was an Egyptian, its master carpenter, the same; the material was found on the premises, the workmen likewise.

But it still fills the bill in any kind of weather, except when the rain is falling, or when the cold cannot be moderated by a roaring fire in the open.

Around it Maryknollers gather on special recreation nights when deeds of valor are rehearsed or dreamt of, and "*what-I-dids*" exchange notes with *Katydid*s to the amusement of the bleachers.

**Our Neighbors—**

**W**E have neighbors who like us—a delightful situation, truly. They like the looks of our seminary with its classic towers and sea-green roof tiles. They like the sound of our bells, and, although they are not of the household of the Faith, they love the Angelus; occasionally they witness some of the special ceremonies that red-letter our scholastic calendar. And because we get along so well, we fit into each other's needs.

The extent of our property, though not alarming, is a joy to them because they see open space and woodlands when they look out from their house; and when we are sauntering on the border line of their domains, a "no trespassing" sign means no more to us



*It never snows but it pours*

than if we were the owners.

So when it came about that our neighbors wished to make a pond, and were studying the problem of how advantageously to distribute some hundreds of carloads of dirt,

a simple inquiry revealed a special need at Maryknoll for all the carloads available. And the outcome of this mutual aid association will be for Maryknoll a fine new terrace, and for our neighbors, a pond—which we may add will not only delight our eyes but will, by the courtesy of our neighbors, sustain our bodies on certain cold days in the winter when its surface is frozen.

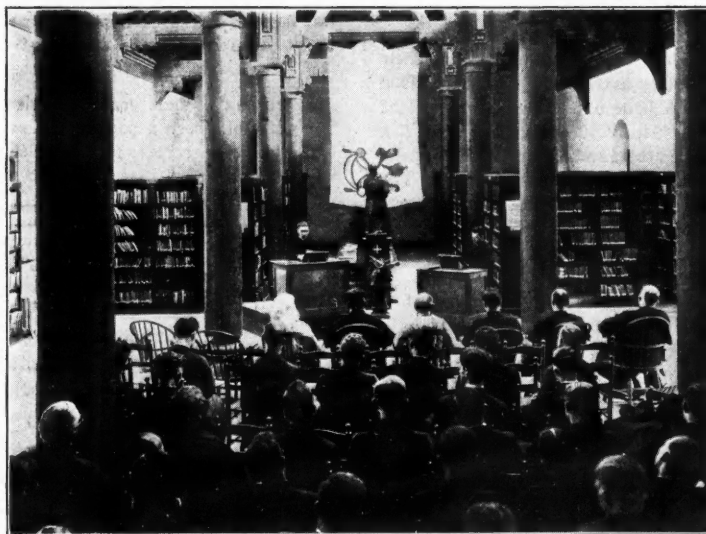
It is easy to love some neighbors.

**AS A CHINESE FRIEND WRITES**

**O**NE of our former visitors, a Chinese young man who studied architecture for several years, has returned to his Canton home from which he writes:

This is a great surprise to you when you hear from me again after long silence. I was always expected to hear from you first before write to you, but I cannot hesitate to wait, therefore, I must write you first.

The life is very high in city of Canton, to compare the living in Canton as same as in U. S. A. but live in the village is quite different. If you come to China you must prepare to spend as much as in the states. Don't believe the other people said the Chinese only lives for a few cents a day. I want to know how they got that facts from.



A SCHOLASTIC DISPUTE

*These are held periodically in the Maryknoll library*

**SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND**

## ALONG OUR WESTERN COAST

### In San Francisco—

THE moving pictures we took in China a few months ago are an effective means of conveying to our friends some idea of life on the other side of the Pacific. Scenes of a leper colony, of orphanages, of crowded streets, of the effects of awful poverty, of women breaking rock on the roads, of the hundreds of tiny boats on which so many thousands of Chinese are born, live, and die—all these and many other graphic scenes are pictured. The actual life of the movie gives a realistic touch, and convinces people that all is not poetry and romance in the Orient.

The Procure is serving its purpose well. Father Manna, Superior General of the Milan Foreign Missions, stopped over with us recently on his way from China.

Whenever we need a motor car to take passing missionaries and distinguished guests around, someone loans us one; but an unusual suggestion came recently when a friend, who finds great sport jaunting along about ten thousand miles above *terra firma*, offered to aeroplane us wherever we wished to go.

Vocations for foreign mission work are developing, like everything else in California, and we hope next term to see many new faces at Los Altos. Two young men have recently begun their postulancy as Maryknoll Brothers. One is a graduate of the law department of St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and has the advantage of several years' experience in newspaper work. The other until quite recently was chauffeur for one of the most popular comedians in the moving picture world. Next?

The Maryknoll Guild has been a great help to our work out here during the past year. The only obligation is to give some offering—big or small—each month. We find that it costs about thirty-five dollars a month to support a student. Each week Mass is offered

Sunday school children trained to make sacrifices for outside will be the more certainly loyal to home needs.

at Los Altos for members of the Guild.

### The College at Los Altos—

THE best room in our College is the infirmary suite, and that is what Bishop MacGinley occupied when he came from Fresno to spend a week and make his annual retreat. Our one regret was that he could not remain longer. The Bishop has always been a good friend of Maryknoll. He was the first homeland bishop to visit the new Maryknoll Center at Kongmoon, China, and he turned the first shovelful of real estate for the main chapel there. We were sorry the Bishop was on retreat; we should like to have talked more with him. However, since this junior seminary is under the patronage of the Little Flower, and the Bishop's diocese is likewise dedicated, he broke into the last day of his retreat to give us a conference on St. Thérèse.

Recently a salesman drove up our hill. We were in overalls, managing the business ends of picks and shovels. This gentleman asked for the president. Apparently he had planned to do some business. Said the salesman, "You are probably too young to know, Father, but this here Mary Knoll who donated this estate and building to you people was a great friend of mine before she died." Thereupon his business expired.

There is a Chinese gentleman, sixty-five years old, born a pagan but now a Catholic, who comes to our chapel every Sunday for Mass and "to eat

God". He cannot speak much "Englishes", and we know very little Chinese. Somehow we learned enough Chinese characters in the seminary to get along when he brings his Chinese catechism. Once a month this good old fellow says, "*Heap muchee business today.*" This means that he wants to go to confession.

Last Good Friday, this Chinese—he's a cook—served meat to his employer.

"No meat today, Yee; today is Good Friday."

"Good Fliday? What means Good Fliday?"

"Well, you know God. God died today."

"Oh, too bad," replied our Chinese in tears, "*too bad, too bad. God—He die.*"

And I am told that they could not console the poor man all that day, nor could anyone explain well enough in English the meaning of Good Friday.

### From San Juan Bautista—

A FRIEND brought us a live rooster, so once again our barn yard is the proud possessor of a chanticleer to act as alarm clock during the early morning hours.

Recent spring rains here gave us our first opportunity to test the condition of the roofs of the church and the old administration building. Both will be seaworthy for some time to come.

An organ tuner from San Francisco called to examine the eighty-five-year-

### A MEMORIAL ROOM FOR APOSTLES

There are still a number of students' rooms in the Maryknoll Seminary open to benefactors. The sum of five hundred dollars will cover the cost, including a memorial tablet. Is *your* name on record as a builder of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America?



SUPPORT A CATECHIST

old French organ here. He pronounced it the best of its kind he had ever seen, and advised us to take special care of it, not only because of its age, but also because the interior is for the most part white mahogany.

Today we contributed to the upkeep of the State to the extent of three hundred dollars in taxes. It is our earnest hope that some day it will occur to some generous legislator to make an appeal to the State Legislature to exempt at least the old California Missions from taxes. The entire early history of this "land of sunshine" is built around these old landmarks, giving it a tradition that is sacred to the memory of nearly all the present inhabitants, and is second to none in the other States of the nation.

Some of our California societies, such as the Native Sons, or the Daughters of the Golden West, would do a great service toward the institutions they cherish if they would make this exemption an objective next year. The latter society happens to be using as headquarters for its members in this locality two of twenty large rooms in this old mission. The son of General Fremont addressed the Daughters recently, and stated that they owe a great debt of gratitude to the mission for providing them with the best club rooms possessed by the Society in this State.

#### Sue Zumi of Seattle Says:—

MANY weeks have passed since Christmas, but it was such a happy day for us we shall not forget it. Seventeen of our Japanese were baptized, and ten received First Holy Communion. Father gave them a two-day retreat as special preparation, and they seemed very happy. Two of the group were baptized before Midnight Mass because they were women who could not get to Mass Christmas morning. One of them had worked all Christmas eve until eleven o'clock, and had been fasting since noon. She said she felt as the Blessed Mother of God must have felt on that long, cold journey to Bethlehem, and she was glad to make some little sacrifice for Jesus.

In the morning her son and fourteen other Japanese were baptized. Our little chapel was crowded, and Father

gave us all Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament before we left.

An American lady came to see Father one day. She was poor, and her hands were worn with toil. She was making the last payment on a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

"It was not hard to do," she said. "I watched the papers for bargains in groceries and other things, and every penny I saved by these bargains, I set aside until I was able to gather the fifty dollars."

Later the same day, Father went to call on a rich man for some help. Father said that his feet sank into the soft carpet of the "throne-room". The man would not listen. "We have enough to do at home," was his answer.

Father said he could not help thinking of the difference between this man and the poor woman. She knows that home is heaven, as Father tells us children.

There is not a single Catholic among all the Japanese in the town of W—, near Seattle. The priest assigned to that section, however, saw great possibilities of interesting them if he could only get their attention, so he wrote to Father, asking for some explanations, in Japanese, of the Catholic religion.

When Christmas came he personally invited the Japanese to the beautiful Midnight Mass, and had posters placed in the stores of the town welcoming all.

Later, Father and one of our Japanese Catholic men went to the little town, and spoke to a group whom the zealous pastor had gathered.

Father told us all about it, and, of course, we were very happy. He said it should not be unusual to note such whole-hearted zeal, but the fact remains that it is unusual when very few consider it worth while to be apostolic.

[Editor's Note—We have just learned that Mr. Akaeda, an official of the N. Y. K. Steamship Line, who has been a most active member of the Seattle congregation, recently returned with his family to Japan. Mr. Akaeda will be much missed by the Catholics in Seattle, but wherever he goes his influence for good will follow him.]

#### MOTHER MARY JOSEPH IN HAWAII



Yes, she reads *THE FIELD AFAR* "from cover to cover"

LATE November offered a kindly Hawaiian welcome to Mother Mary Joseph who during a short stay of ten days visited the five Maryknoll houses on the Islands. The heavy rains had freshened the beautiful country, and made the sunshine all the more attractive. A friendly group stood waiting as the *Wilhelmina* docked after an exceedingly rough passage, the stormiest in its history. Fr. Kress and Bro. Philip (old timers now), Fr. Joyce, and the Sisters were among the first to hang the fragrant leis about the visitors' necks. Then came devoted friends of the work who were waiting to drive the Sisters to Bachelot Hall, where they live happily in their temporary convent.

There is no love that does not call for sacrifice. The deeper the love the greater the willingness to endure or to lose.

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS



The Sacred Heart Church is beautiful in its surroundings, even at this season when the royal poincianas have seed pods in place of their great scarlet clusters, and the night-blooming cereus across the way is like giant fern without its flowers. The royal palms are very beautiful, and the poinsettias were radiant and were everywhere.

But among all this natural beauty was the flower of a work lovingly done—a school of over one hundred and seventy pupils of many nationalities united under the banner of Maryknoll. Outside of schooltime groups are instructed, and a long file of about one hundred are now ready for their First Communion, while one hundred and thirty are soon to be soldiered unto Christ.

At Heeia on the other side of the Pali, a curious winding road of the mountains, is another Maryknoll where four Sisters are training large classes. The welcome there was a combination of Hawaiian-Chinese—fire-crackers and sweet old Hawaiian songs sung by a group of tall lads accompanied by guitar and ukelele.

A night's trip over the channel showed Maui, a beautiful island, with a work far advanced. The school, now under the care of Maryknoll Sisters, counts over five hundred, all girls except the two lower classes. Here, too, addresses and songs of welcome were loving excuses to hang upon us more leis, many of them very, very beautiful, and all of them saying in the sweet Hawaiian way, "We love you"—*Aloha*. Nearby in the County Orphanage were nearly one hundred dependent children, for whom our Sisters care.

Friends of the Sisters were eager to show their lovely homeland. Among them was an attractive young Chinese woman recently baptized. She drove us up into the famous Iao Valley to the pinnacle known as the Needle. Two days at Maui were all too short, yet they brought the joy of a Mother's visit to fifteen Sisters just beginning their mission work.

Thanksgiving Day was spent in Honolulu. It was hard to picture the biting cold of the "bleak New England shore" until a tiny John Alden and

Priscilla Mullen came on with the familiar theme. The children did well, and sang beautifully of the "land where our fathers died", though few, if any, had ever seen it.

The last day of November brought the happy visit to a close, though the memory of it will live on; and the thought of many kindnesses will draw closer the bonds which keep this mid-Pacific mission united to the Mother Knoll.

#### AN APOSTOLIC WOMAN

MOTHER Mary Cleophas of the Congregation of the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, who died on December 27, was a religious nearly seventy years, and Superioress-General of her congregation thirty-six years. Her executive ability has been largely responsible for the gratifying development of the College of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, one of the finest educational institutions of our country. The Congregation she governed trebled under her administration, and her spiritual refinement has become the heirloom of the Sisters of Providence.

This remarkable woman, who labored so well for the Church in the United States, was keenly interested in foreign missions. It was she who, in the autumn of 1920, sent out to Kaifengfu six of her Sisters, the first mission band of American Sisters to leave this country for China. At the request of Mother Mary Cleophas, Mother Mary Joseph, Superioress-General of the Maryknoll Sisters, later made a visitation of the St. Mary-of-the-Woods foundation in China. Last winter, when civil disturbances forced the Sisters of Providence in China to leave Kaifengfu, they remained for some time with the Maryknoll Sisters in Korea. Mother Cleophas has always shown a warm and apostolic interest in the work of Maryknoll, an interest which is shared by her Congregation and by the pupils of the College of Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. May the soul of this valiant servant of God rest in peace!

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

#### TIMELY MISSION NEEDS

THE strong and repeated emphasis placed on native vocations for the missions as also on the value of catechists determines us to try for an increased number of burses to meet these two classes of calls.

For some years past we have been building burses for our mission training houses in this country. Several of the burses are yet uncompleted, and we will keep these before our readers occasionally as a reminder, but for the present we will call for no new ones.

Instead, we *will* and now *DO recommend* the establishment of Native Clergy Burses at fifteen hundred dollars each, and of Catechist Burses at four thousand dollars each.

We have on hand at present a number of burse cards each arranged for small gatherings up to one dollar. To interested readers we will gladly forward one or more of these cards.

Five of these cards are designed to secure offerings for native students

#### IN HONOR OF

*St. John the Baptist*  
*Our Lady of Perpetual Help*  
*Our Lady of Victory*  
*St. Teresa*  
*Saint Madeleine Sophie*

We have also cards designed for offerings for catechist foundations

#### IN HONOR OF

*St. Peter*  
*St. Paul*  
*St. Columba*  
*St. Stephen*  
*Gemma Galgani*

#### THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

You have received Maryknoll's Lenten mite box, and you have an opportunity even now to make reparation for the treason of Judas by sending to us on Good Friday your offering of thirty pieces of silver. Your sacrifice will mean real joy on Easter Sunday.

## MARYKNOLL FOUNDATIONS

IN view of present needs and of future contingencies, Maryknoll is building foundations:

- (a) For the preparation of American students destined to labor in the missions;
- (b) For the preparation of native students for the priesthood in China and Korea;
- (c) For the support of native catechists.

These foundations are designated as:

American Student Burses...\$5,000 each  
Native Student Burses.....1,500 "  
Catechist Foundations.....4,000 "

## AMERICAN STUDENT BURSES

A **bursel** is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

## For the Major Seminary (\$5,000 each)

St. Philomena Bursel (Reserved)...	\$4,800.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursel.....	4,635.00
St. Michael Bursel, No. 2.....	14,202.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursel.....	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursel No. 1.....	14,000.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent's Bursel.....	4,000.00
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Fr. Chapon Bursel.....	3,872.35
Fr. Chamindade Memorial Bursel.....	3,831.71
Curé of Ars Bursel.....	3,652.35
St. Anne Bursel.....	3,637.83
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursel.....	3,400.00
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Bursel.....	3,269.00
Dunwoody Seminary Bursel.....	3,265.54
N. M. Bursel.....	3,000.00
Pius X Bursel.....	2,852.30
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Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursel.....	2,821.12
Holy Child Jesus Bursel.....	2,671.85
Marywood College Bursel.....	2,275.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursel.....	2,176.89
Archbishop Ireland Bursel.....	2,101.00
Mother Seton Bursel.....	2,015.73
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursel.....	2,006.53
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursel.....	1,834.75
St. Dominic Bursel.....	1,811.67
St. Michael Bursel.....	1,787.50
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursel.....	1,612.06
Duluth Diocese Bursel.....	1,411.79
Fr. Nummy Bursel of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,402.55
Immaculate Conception Patron of America Bursel.....	1,388.28
St. Agnes Bursel.....	1,300.18

## SANCIAN ISLAND REST HOUSE

The Right Reverend John J. Dunn, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York, visited Sancier Island on his return from the Eucharistic Congress, and has made a strong appeal in the "Catholic News" of New York for a Rest House for Maryknoll missionaries at Sancier Island. All Maryknollers are grateful to His Lordship for this evidence of practical interest, and we shall be pleased to note the co-operation of our readers with Bishop Dunn's offer.

St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Bursel.....	1,128.10
St. John Baptist Bursel.....	1,069.11
Manchester Diocese Bursel.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Bursel.....	908.65
St. Francis Xavier Bursel.....	867.78
St. Rita Bursel.....	764.65
St. Laurence Bursel.....	646.25
Children of Mary Bursel.....	610.05
Holy Family Bursel.....	567.25
Sacred Heart Seminary Bursel.....	500.00
St. Joan of Arc Bursel.....	497.51
The Holy Name Bursel.....	465.65
St. Bridget Bursel.....	456.00
St. Louise Archdiocese Bursel.....	430.00
C.C.W. Bursel of the Five Wounds.....	400.00
St. Jude Bursel.....	373.25
St. Joseph Bursel No. 2.....	350.50
St. John B. de la Salle Bursel.....	269.00
All Saints Bursel.....	252.78
St. John Berchmans Bursel.....	201.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursel.....	180.50
Newark Diocese Bursel.....	157.00
SS Peter and Paul Bursel.....	150.00

## For our Preparatory Colleges (\$5,000 each)

Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursel (Reserved).....	\$4,400.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursel.....	1,613.80
"C" Bursel II.....	1,550.00
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Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursel.....	1,000.00
St. Michael Bursel.....	651.32
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St. Philomena Bursel.....	205.00
Holy Ghost Bursel.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Bursel.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursel.....	112.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Bursel.....	100.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

## NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

Our Lady of Lourdes Bursel.....	\$1,145.00
Mary Mother of God Bursel.....	750.00
Christ the King Bursel, No. 2.....	700.00
Mater Admirabilis Bursel.....	500.00
SS. Ann and John Bursel.....	400.00
Maryknoll Academia Bursel.....	301.60
St. Patrick Bursel.....	209.00
St. Ambrose Bursel.....	200.00
Little Flower Bursel.....	101.00

## NATIVE CATECHIST FOUNDATIONS

\$4,000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for Baptism.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	\$1,877.65
Fr. Price Memorial Bursel.....	668.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Bursel.....	367.00

## NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

**Living:** Rev. Friends, 1; F. P. D.; J. J. C.; McK. family; S. family; Mrs. J. P. H. and relatives; C. W. K.; K. D. R.; M. F. K.; B. D.; A. F. O'H.; A. C.; M. L. and relatives; R. L. and relatives; M. E. S. and relatives; E. T. R. and relatives; M. H. McC.; S. family; T. F. McK.; I. O. McK.; L. M.; A. R.; M. D.; M. R. E.; M. M.; J. A. B.; Mr. and Mrs. P. S. and family; W. J. K. and relatives; L. L.; M. A. C.; M. M. B.; L. A. S.; M. F. D.; J. M. C.; J. G. F., and E. D.; F. A. K. and relatives.

**Deceased:** Rev. John N. Boylan; Frank Duffy; Mary A. Harrington; Mary L. Healy; Annie M. Leary; Margaret Patton; Josephine M. McCarthy; Catherine W. Irwin; John S. Harrington; Edward A. Tolan; Patrick and Belinda Wright; Stephen and Ellen Bolger; Nora L. Bolger.

## PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF

WE ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Ada Mary Livingston, foundress of the Maryknoll Catholic Women's Auxiliary, and a benefactor of the Society from its earliest days, also for:

Rev. P. M. Schmitt, Rev. Charles Herr, Rev. Father Francis James, Rev. H. F. Barry, Rev. John J. Dowd, Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. H. Fox, Rev. Mother M. Cleophas, Rev. Mother Marie de Loe, Mr. J. O'Rourke, Peter Schoen, Mrs. A. McLoughlin, Marie Seckinger, Mrs. Anna Shannon, Mrs. Josephine H. Wilson, Mrs. Mary Tennien Donahue, Mrs. Elizabeth La Clair, Mrs. Elizabeth Cahill, Mrs. John H. Cumiskey, Mrs. T. J. Ellis, James Eastham, Mr. M. Miller, Mrs. S. G. Drake, Miss L. M. Pope, Mrs. M. Higgins, Joseph A. Donovan, Mrs. Hannan, Mary A. O'Neil, Mrs. A. Shannon, Kate Peterson, Julie Kelley, Frank Mackey, Mrs. Elise Remy, John Willi, Mrs. Bullen, Caroline Mackerer, Mrs. Theresa E. Bach, Parker H. Burke Herman Seaborn, Mrs. Bridget Keefe, Chris Kessler, Peter Zack, Mr. P. H. Kelley, Mrs. Mays, Bartholomew J. Foley, J. Lane, Mr. M. J. Quinlan, Mrs. John C. Craig.

## SAINT JOSEPH BURSE

Clients of Saint Joseph have already completed a bursel in his honor, the interest from which is applied to the board, housing, and education of an aspirant missionary at the Maryknoll Seminary. Near the bottom of our list is a Saint Joseph Bursel No. 2. March is a good month in which to give this bursel a better place.

## PRAY FOR MISSIONS

## Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

### Address

**Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

### DEAR CIRCLERS:

It was refreshing after the long trip from China to find you had not forgotten me on Christmas. During the voyage alone, I received impersonal attention from crew and passengers, and that made me more homesick for China—until at Maryknoll the many little personal references reconciled me to the temporary exile. And as usual you did not forget me, but gave me the bottom layer of the "war chest" that I shall bring back with me to China.

We are opening new mission stations every year, and that means furnishing them with bed and table linens, altar cloths, and the hundred and one odds and ends you know more about than I do. So you see your big gift of towels and other "furniture" will be of practical and appropriate use. It is rare that Christmas gifts fit in so nicely.

Promising you my prayers, a poor return (I'm only a shepherd, not a wise man from the East), I remain

Gratefully yours in Christ,

*Francis X. Ford, A.F.M.*

**L**ET us introduce the *Sacred Heart Circle* of Philadelphia—a welcome addition which the New Year brought to the Circle family.

St. Anthony Circle of East Milton, Mass., is one of our most active. Generous stringless offerings, Mass intentions, and gift boxes continually find their way to the Knoll. May God bless these zealous, thoughtful friends!



ME AND BILLY

*Yes, we're in a Circle*

Representatives of *Court Ave Maria*, Catholic Daughters of America, New York City, paid us a visit not long ago, and left a generous check to be applied to their room in the Seminary.

In the *Venard* corner of Circleland, there was a heavy shower of towels and socks, for which Maryknollers at home and abroad are grateful. The *Card Club* members are "stepping lively" toward the completion of their convent room.

*St. Joseph Circle* of New York City are not only faithful in their support of a Maryknoll student, but also most thoughtful of our other needs. Gifts in kind were received from the members, as well as a generous check for one hundred and fifty dollars.

If your circle, club, or sodality wishes to take a movie trip to Maryknoll in China, get in touch with the Circle Director.

The students of *St. Joseph's Commercial High School* are keenly interested in the missions, and they show that interest in practical, helpful ways. The latest evidence was a case of soap, brushes, and other useful articles for the missionaries.

Two students from Our Lady of Mercy, from Milford, Connecticut, sent us fifty dollars toward the Leper Fund. Any help for the afflicted lepers is a real charity, and we are grateful.

**SACRIFICE BRINGS REWARD**

## THE UNITED STATES SHOWER

The Circle Director is, at times, distracted with the urgent appeals that come from the missions. Late-ly calls have been so varied that the Department begins to resemble Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Someone suggested a "United States Shower", and the idea seems to appeal to many.

We are listing the various States in which there are active Maryknoll Circles, and offering to each State the opportunity to supply one mission need. If your State is not listed, it means that as yet Maryknoll has no Circle there, and this gives you an opportunity to be the founder of one.

**CALIFORNIA**—Handkerchiefs  
**CANADA**—Needles and Pins  
**CONNECTICUT**—Turkish Towels  
**CUBA**—Shoe Laces  
**ILLINOIS**—Tooth Brushes  
**INDIANA**—Razors  
**IOWA**—Face Cloths  
**KENTUCKY**—Darning Cotton  
**LOUISIANA**—Thread (Black and White)  
**MAINE**—Paring Knives  
**MASSACHUSETTS**—Sheets and Hand Towels  
**MICHIGAN**—Shaving Cream  
**MINNESOTA**—Tooth Paste  
**MISSOURI**—Socks, size 11 and 11½ (not silk)  
**NEW HAMPSHIRE**—Note Books and Pencils  
**NEW JERSEY**—Shoe Polish  
**NEW YORK**—Soap  
**OHIO**—Toilet Articles  
**PENNSYLVANIA**—Pillow Cases  
**RHODE ISLAND**—Laundry Bags  
**TEXAS**—Handkerchiefs  
**WISCONSIN**—Pillow Cases

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### Christ and Women

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queens Work Press, 3115 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10c single copy; special prices on quantities.

**Ven. Nicholas Postgate; Catholic Rites and Pagan Customs; St. Columba; The Lancashire Martyrs; East and West in the Unity of Christ**

Pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society, 72 Victoria St., London.

**The Problem of Evil; Miracles; The Pope and the President; Catholic Loyalty**

Pamphlets published by the Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., New York City. Price, 5c copy; special prices on quantities.

**Whence and How the Universe**

By Victor A. Bast, S. S. Published by Ecclesiastical Supply Association, San Francisco, Calif.

### Intake and Hints

THE missions fared better than usual last month, thanks to a gift of three thousand dollars. We were glad indeed because we are conscious of their wants and of our own inability to meet them.

We are thankful also to register a new Native Clergy Burse, fifteen hundred dollars; an offering of two hundred dollars toward student support; two stringless gifts of one thousand dollars each, and medical help amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Seven wills matured (wills have become a hopeful source of revenue), and three were announced.

Two gifts especially welcome came from parishes—one, the Native Clergy Burse noted above; the other, a stringless gift of one hundred dollars.

Twenty eight hundred new subscribers is the record for the past month, with New York and California leading, and South Dakota—yes, South Dakota—in third place. A goodly number of our subscribers have secured the interest of friends, and thereby pleased all concerned. We are always complimented when a new subscriber comes to us on recommendation of a FIELD AFAR reader.

The main chapel of the seminary at Maryknoll has for several years had the use of a very good ostensorium—a gift designated for the Kongmoon, China, church.

There was no church at Kongmoon until recently, but it is now being completed, and Mother Maryknoll is happy to send along the ostensorium. Fortunately, a used ostensorium, small but *decent*, though not elegant, has come from a pastor who recently installed new sanctuary furnishings in his church.

We prefer this used ostensorium to a new one that might not fit into our surroundings, but we would welcome correspondence with anyone who is disposed to consider a memorial ostensorium at Maryknoll.



There is place, too, at a Maryknoll house for two statues of special size—one of St. Joseph, the other of our Blessed Lady. Neither would cost much more than thirty dollars.

To societies and clubs a priest of long experience gives two bits of advice: first, follow up your absentees, and make every member feel that he is vital to the organization; second, do something regularly for a good outside cause. This will keep down narrowness and selfishness.

If the advice appeals, and your organization, church or fraternal, should turn kindly toward Maryknoll, we can offer a suggestion. Why not meet, at least in part, the expenses of an American student, Brother, or Sister preparing for the missions; a native student for the priesthood; a priest, Brother, or Sister on the missions; the salary of a catechist?

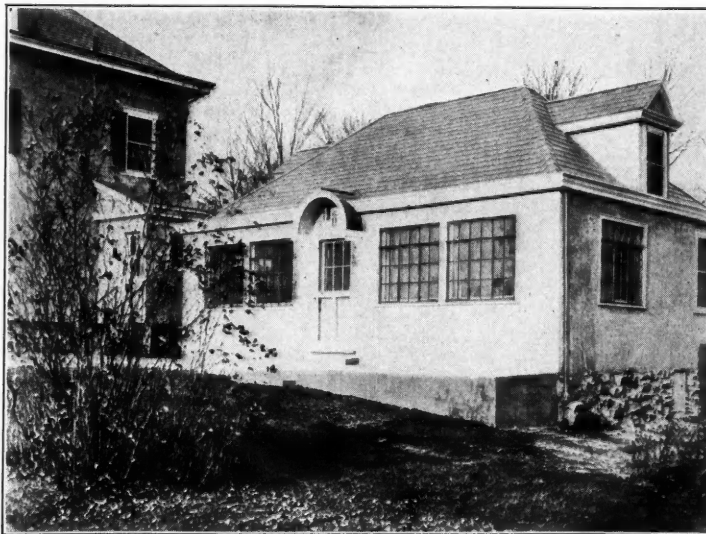
### A Hilltop Sanitarium

ABOVE our Knoll, looking down on us for a change, is the house that went with the Sisters' purchase of property across the street. Some twenty-odd—not eccentric—postulants live in that house, and along side of it was a substantial shed, covered with a slate roof but useless withall.

On the Maryknoll compound was a promising candidate to whom the doctor said, "Go higher; live in the open air; drink lots of

milk, and so forth." And that is how it happened that a shed on the hill is now an attractive little sanitarium with a glass front, for a contented invalid who otherwise must have gone away from her friends, and have been deprived of many spiritual helps.

We wish that some friend could meet for our struggling Sisters the expense of this useful little building.



*The Sisters' bungalow for invalids*

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Belgium, 1928-29, New Charity Set;  
5 Cathedrals and "Louvain"—un-  
used, cpl......75  
Azores, "St. Gabriel"—1 stamp, un-  
used......10  
Germany, 1924, "St. Elizabeth"—4  
stamps, unused..... 3.00  
Mexico, 1910—1 stamp, used. Shows  
the "Offering of the Holy Sacrifice  
of the Mass"......50  
Greece Cross of Constantine "In this  
Sign, Conquer"—6 stamps, used.. .35  
San Marino, St. Marinus the Stone  
Carver—2 stamps, cpl., used..... .35  
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Italy, Propagation of the Faith—4  
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## A Good Library

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The Conversion of the Pagan World \$1.50  
Manna-McGlinchey

Mission Tours—India...Mgr. McGlinchey 2.00

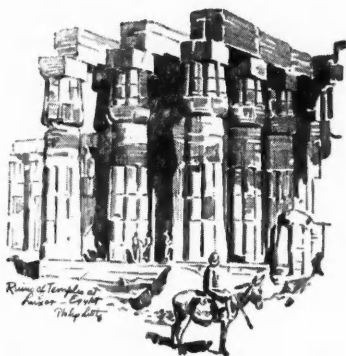
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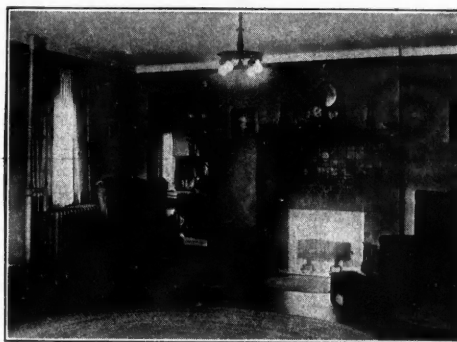
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